We Cannot Afford This Recession

CDC May 15, 1958 25¢

Good Guys, Bad Guys, and Congressman Walter

# THE REPORTER

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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## 'Save the Umpire' Day

Congressional attempts to cripple the Supreme Court have made considerable headway lately, and there is a most serious danger that unless the Senate reverses the decision of its Judiciary Committee, laws that would protect lawlessness may be put in our statute books. For instance, one provision of the anti-Supreme Court bill now released from the Committee would permit the states to enforce their own laws against overthrowing the Federal government. Another would apply the Smith Act to advocacy even of "abstract doctrine" as well as to speech that could be construed as "incitement to action." If not even abstraction immunizes a doctrine, what are the limits of "incitement to action"?

To stem the tide against lawlessness, juvenile and senile, the administration has proclaimed the first of May as Law Day. This Day can become something more serious than, for instance, Can Opener Week, if on future May Days those responsible for law enforcement will speak out as firmly and wisely as Attorney General Rogers did on the first celebration of Law Day in Washington.

"All Americans must keep in mind," Mr. Rogers said, "that our constitutional safeguards would have little lasting value in the hands of a subservient or timorous judiciary . . . . Many of the significant, and what today are regarded as the wisest and most profound, decisions of the courts were very unpopular at the time they were made. There have been periods in our history when the 'kill the umpire' attitude made considerable headway. Fortunately, except in minor ways, the legislature has never taken these attacks seriously enough to alter the judicial system or retaliate against the judiciary."

We sincerely hope that Congress will justify Mr. Roger's optimism. Nothing is more frightening than to see duly elected lawmakers among the advocates of lawlessness. We don't know much about Mr. Rogers, but we sincerely hope that in carrying out his official duties he will prove to be as wise and forceful as he was in expressing his ideas on the first Law Day.

## To Cure the Recession

It is still too early to tell whether the one anti-recession effort that has gained the enthusiastic support of the President—the "You Auto Buy Now" campaign—will prove the antidote to the nation's industrial malady, but at least it opens up new vistas for the experimenters in the field of economic recovery.

If it succeeds, Secretary Benson can adapt it to the problems of agriculture. No more the mysteries of parity, no more the excruciating decisions of flexible versus rigid support programs. All he will need is some high-pressure salesmanship and a slogan: "You Butter Buy Now."

Or perhaps, if the automobile distributors' hard-sell crusade should fail, we can expect to hear proposals that the government begin stockpiling surplus Buicks, establish a price-support program for Cadillacs, and take a hundred acres of River Rouge out of production and place them in the soil-bank reserve.

## The New Me-Tooers

Not long ago former Senator Lehman told the National Democratic Club that he was "not as optimistic as the Gallup Poll" about the immediate prospects of his party. At the moment he was referring to the Democrat's chances in November, but from the burden of his talk it was plain that he was hardly any more hopeful about what they would do with a victory than he was about their winning it. He put the chief blame on two Texans whom he charged with trying to keep "any controversial issue from being seriously joined or vigorously debated."

It would be hard to deny that the Johnson-Rayburn leadership of Congressional Democrats has been shrewd rather than inspiring. It is true that while Senator Johnson can, and recently did, take the administration apart with magnificent skill and gusto, he himself has promoted no bold new program. Of course there are limits on how far Congressional leadership can go in the absence of strong Executive leadership.

Moreover, it doesn't seem entirely fair to hold the Texans solely responsible for the state of the Democratic Party when equally prominent leaders outside Congress have apparently made themselves over in the image of those very Republican leaders whom they most deplore. Particularly in foreign affairs, the Republicans and the Democrats have followed a separate but equal course. If anything, the nimble Mr. Dulles is more inclined to try new approaches in negotiations with the Russians—maybe even at the summit—than his immediate predecessor. And certainly Harry Truman has been far more emphatic than Dwight Eisenhower in accusing the Russians of bad faith—although both men agree in opposing Russia's propaganda triumphs by calling them propaganda.

Recently there has been a singular display of Democratic statesmanship. At a meeting in New York the Democratic National Committee has gone all out in trying to capture the votes of various nationality groups by adopting the "liberation" policy of the first Eisenhower administration and reviving the hope that this country can bring freedom back to Russia's satellites in eastern Europe.

Since the Hungarian revolution so thoroughly exposed the tragic emptiness of that line, the Eisenhower

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administration has had at least the grace to say nothing more about it. But here was Governor Harriman berating the President for having "dropped" the issue, demanding that at the summit and elsewhere we must "keep raising the question over and over again." And here was Thomas K. Finletter proclaiming "the beginning of a hope" that "freeing of the people of Eastern Europe is a definite and unshakable part" of our foreign policy.

When the Republicans ran as a me-too party in domestic issues, they at least had something to imitate. Now in foreign affairs the Democrats are diligently collecting the policies that the Republicans have proclaimed and then dropped. When Senator Knowland leaves the Hill, the representation of Formosa will probably be taken over by a high-ranking Democrat.

## Bread Upon the Waters

When does a sandwich become a meal? This challenging question has now been debated and tentatively resolved by the world's major airlines. Two American companies, Pan American and TWA, had charged four European airlines with violating an agreement that coach flights were to serve only "simple, inexpensive, cold sandwiches." Swissair, Air France, KLM, and Scandinavian claimed that their smörgasbord met the classic definition of food on bread.

A detailed definition has now been drawn up by the International Air Transport Association. It rules out smoked salmon, oysters, caviar, lobster, game, asparagus, and *pâté de foie gras*, and insists upon "the avoidance of over-generous or lavish helpings of permissible commodities . . ."

To our way of thinking, the Americans have made a grave mistake. If the Europeans wanted to start a sandwich war, Pan American and TWA could have wiped them out in no time. After all, any schoolboy knows that we in this country have developed not only the ultimate weapon but also the ultimate sandwich. Most delicatessens can provide at modest cost a thing called a "hero sandwich," which seems to consist of a whole loaf of bread and more cheese and baloney than even the hungriest traveler could ever eat.

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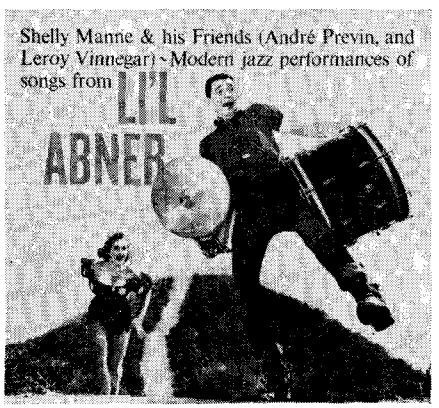


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## JUST PEOPLE

ERIC SEVAREID

We have come to one of those periods in history when a psychological gulf is widening between ordinary people and their government in many countries. It is a period in which governments across the East-West line see each other as enemies. Because their responsibility for security naturally obsesses them, they leave little or nothing to chance, rarely give their supposed enemies the benefit of the doubt. In the meantime, their citizens, through ignorance or perhaps through an instinctive faith that is the ultimate wisdom, less and less regard each other with fear and suspicion.

Here we have the spectacle of thousands of Americans officially taught that Russia implacably plots our downfall—her citizens all indoctrinated to that end—warmly receiving a Russian dance company in New York; over there, the spectacle of thousands of Russians, officially taught that Americans are culturally barbarians, giving standing ovations to a young Texan who plays the piano.

The two governments hurl official charges and countercharges at one another every day; but virtually every private American who goes to Russia experiences polite curiosity at the very least from private Russians. Virtually every private Russian who comes here has the same experience. Human beings in the flesh are no longer alien and forbidding. More and more this push and drive toward flesh-and-blood acquaintance continues by the efforts of private people and their various organizations.

This reporter spent part of the weekend with a very old, very respected Hindu ascetic and philosopher, the Shankaracharya of Puri. In the thousand-year existence of his religious order, he is the first of its leaders to take himself overseas, in spite of his age and infirmities. He has spent weeks now, talking with Americans collectively and singly. His travels reinforce his faith that all religions are the same at bottom; that all human beings are the same.

He is acutely aware of what another great war would do to end the human story on this earth. He does not think that one great power will suddenly attack the other great power. He fears a spark somewhere, a spreading flame of hysteria and passions, with governments then becoming the led, not the leaders. So he feels we have no choice but to try to know one another, as human beings.

There is no guarantee of peace on this road of personal and cultural exchange and intermingling. After all, the British, the French, the Germans lived close together geographically, intermingled in great numbers, absorbed each other's thought and culture to a very considerable degree—yet they came to blows, time after time. This road can guarantee no safe destination for peoples so alien, in distance and history, as the Russians and Americans, but it cannot harm the prospect to take this road; it can only help. The more our respective people know one another in the flesh, the more inclined they must be to extend the benefit of doubts, the less inclined to be moved to states of passion about each other in times of incident and crisis. Perhaps that is all these exchanges of persons and thought can do. But that is something, and it is something positive at a time when the governments themselves appear stalled at dead and negative center.

How many people, of any country, really believe that the politics-weapons way is the lasting solution to finding peace? Probably not very many. How else explain why, in a period when they are drenched in talk of weapons as the key to security, a majority of Americans still want to see the East-West leaders sit down in a summit meeting? Such a meeting now may be a great mistake; the timing may be quite wrong. But this popular feeling, both here and abroad, persists and grows. Perhaps it is, indeed, a reflection of the ultimate wisdom. For consider where even the governments would be, consider the world prospect, if the popular feeling were against such meetings, against personal and cultural intermingling. Then, surely, even the faith in human sanity of such a man as the Shankaracharya would be gravely shaken.

*(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)*

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## MOON GLOW

**To the Editor:** We have come to expect distinguished prose from Eric Sevareid, as well as wise and witty commentaries on the current scene; however, he has surpassed himself in "The Dark of the Moon" (*The Reporter,* April 17).

LES VAN HOOSEN
Yakima, Washington

**To the Editor:** Eric Sevareid is the most distinguished stylist and the most thoughtful analyst of human carryings-on among all radio commentators.

H. M. ANDERSON
Austin, Texas

## MURA

**To the Editor:** The article on the Midwestern Universities Research Association by D. H. Radler entitled "Why We Aren't Building the World's Biggest Bevatron" (*The Reporter,* April 17) is in general a reasonably accurate summary of the history of our program. The time sequences are sometimes out of order and not everyone will agree with the distribution of emphasis, but the general impression created is correct.

I should like to add that we have not been aware of resentment on the part of accelerator people at the Argonne laboratory. They attend our technical meetings, and relations between the groups have always been most cordial. The controversy, if there is a controversy, has been on the administrative level, and has involved principally the Washington office of the AEC, which appears to believe that the MURA accelerator should be constructed at the Argonne. We have had nothing but friendly encouragement from Director Hilberry and his staff at the Argonne.

R. O. ROLLEFSON
Director, MURA
Madison, Wisconsin

**To the Editor:** As a devoted reader of your magazine I felt dismay in reading "Why We Aren't Building the World's Biggest Bevatron," for it is an inaccurate and misleading account of a subject with which I have had some contact. There is an element of truth in the article in that the AEC can be legitimately accused of seriously damaging the morale of both the MURA and Argonne scientific groups by its vacillating and confusing action and lack of action. However, I believe that the consensus among experts at other laboratories is that while MURA should be supported to continue its very interesting and imaginative studies, it has by no means been demonstrated as yet that the proposed device is either feasible or usable as a tool for experiments. In view of that opinion, the nation can be glad that MURA has not been handed $100 million to do with as it pleases.

MARIANNE SMITH
Berkeley, California

**To the Editor:** Mr. Radler's article accurately tells the story, except that it could be augmented by additional cases of frustration, some major, others minor. The most heartening thing was the spirit of co-operation, not only among the personnel but also among the institutions, all interested and dedicated to getting the job done, which was believed to be of high importance. It is a real loss in the development of science in the Midwest that the plans of MURA have not been able to go forward at at least a reasonable rate of development.

H. O. FARBER
Vice President and Comptroller
University of Illinois
Urbana

## CARS AND CONSUMERS

**To the Editor:** Eric Larrabee's "Detroit's Great Debate: 'Where Did We Go Wrong?'" (*The Reporter,* April 17) is a most accurate and sensitive piece of reporting. The gist of his remarks would seem to be—and should be—that Detroit's only hope is a completely new approach to the problem of designing and marketing cars.

WILLIAM LYMAN
Birmingham, Michigan

**To the Editor:** Mr. Larrabee discusses what seems to him the central issue—"the decline of the car as a symbol of prestige." The implication seems to be that customers are shifting to other symbols of prestige.

I wonder whether we should not go one step further and ask whether the whole philosophy of success by social conformism—which in the economic context amounts to prestige-building consumption—has not begun to be undermined.

Whatever else our interest in European education or in European cars may mean, it seems to indicate a growing concern with "realistic" attitudes and an increasingly open defiance of a mythology which in many respects has ceased to be a useful working hypothesis.

F. G. FRIEDMANN
Professor of Philosophy
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville

**To the Editor:** *The Reporter* did an excellent job in the April 17 issue on "Changing Buyers in a Changing Market."

Examples of motivation "research" were mentioned in both Robert Bendiner's and Eric Larrabee's articles. As a psychologist and a researcher now working in an advertising agency, I am somewhat concerned with the uncritical acceptance with which the press in general has greeted the effectiveness of motivation research and "hidden persuasion."

The assumption made by the press is that it works and that it is a powerful tool in the hands of the advertiser. It may well be that people who buy this research are the ones that are being taken in, not the public. Motivation researchers have promoted techniques taken from psychology that have proved to be no better than chance in the diagnosis and prediction of mental illness, the areas for which the techniques had been designed. If these techniques were as powerful as their promotion, we would be a long way toward solving the riddles of mental illness. The same kind of uncritical acceptance has accompanied brainwashing and subliminal advertising. The effectiveness of these techniques has been grossly overstated, to put it mildly.

ARTHUR KOPONEN
New York

**To the Editor:** Ruby Turner Norris's article in the April 3 issue of *The Reporter* ("Detroit's Dilemma: The Price of Proliferation") hits the proverbial nail on the head as regards this specific consumer of automobiles. I have a 1955 Dodge Royal Lancer convertible for which I have just finished paying. I read that the dealers figure I should be one of those vulnerable to a new-car purchase this year. Believe me, they are mistaken because I wouldn't be seen in one of the grotesque, overly ostentatious monstrosities now in production.

About the only conservative distinction one can discover is in the "little" car, with its unorthodox—according to American standards—body design. Five years ago, if you drove a small foreign car, you were ridiculed for bringing the car instead of the car bringing you. Now you are accorded the recognition of being smart, sensible, and distinctive in avoiding the costume jewelry normally experienced on the American highways.

JOHN R. BIGELOW
McLean, Virginia

**To the Editor:** Has Eric Larrabee overlooked the great publicity recently given to the various forms of motivational research? The knowledge that psychologists are setting traps gives many people a queasy, perhaps cheap, feeling inside.

HENRY H. CRAPO
Cambridge, Massachusetts

## NEMATODES AND NUMBERS

**To the Editor:** M. R. Werner's interesting article on Consumers Union ("A Detective Agency for Wary Buyers," *The Reporter,* April 17) was unfortunately marred by his statement that trichinosis is caused by bacteria. Trichinosis is caused by *Trichinella spiralis,* a nematode, or roundworm.

MARVIN ROTHMAN
New York

**To the Editor:** I enjoyed immensely Robert Bendiner's excellent article on the hocus-pocus in the field of packaging ("It's All in How You Wrap It," *The Reporter,* April 17). So much so, in fact, that I hate to bring up what appears to be a rather unfortunate mistake. "So fierce is the competition," he says, among the five thousand new food items that are introduced each year, "that *Dun's Review* figures the mortality rate for new products at eight per cent." If that's fierce competition, I'd like to get in the game myself.

HUGH ST. JOHN BEVAN
Los Angeles

*(Somewhere along the line Mr. Bendiner's eighty turned into eight.*—The Editors)



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WM. SLOANE ASSOCIATES

# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

"A RECESSION is an expensive luxury. Its effects cannot be confined to our own shores." The businessmen attending the forty-sixth annual meeting of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce heard these words spoken by Allen Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency—the Dulles with whose public statements we find ourselves most frequently in agreement. In this connection, we published an article by A. A. Berle, Jr., entitled "The Recession We Should Not Have," in our issue of June 28, 1956, at a time when the troubles of our economy were even smaller than that cloud which is no bigger than a man's hand. International responsibility deprives us of the right to go even moderately bust. This means that those who lead our country must constantly be on the alert. Unfortunately they are not, and we do not think that we are inspired by partisanship or prejudice when we say so.

According to **Max Ascoli's** editorial, this deficiency in leadership can be observed even where the Presidential initiative seems to be engaged, as in the conflict between the Executive and Congress on Pentagon reorganization. The President seems to want the armed services to run almost automatically, with no friction, under the tutelage of his deputy, the Secretary of Defense. But the services can run well only if they are constantly adjusted to the diplomatic exigencies of the situation. And there can be only one adjuster: the President.

**Hans H. Landsberg,** a consulting economist in Washington, describes the administration's persistent trust in a sort of *mañana* policy to reverse the present trend of our economy. The Democratic leaders may be more inclined to initiate anti-recession legislation, as **Carroll Kilpatrick** of the Washington *Post and Times Herald* staff writes, but they also are careful not to go too far or too fast. . . . The administration's awkward attempt to bring about unification of the armed services is analyzed by **Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.,** a member of the Harvard University faculty. His article combines reporting with analysis: Why are Congressional leaders who have become specialists on defense problems by reason of the rule of seniority so antagonistic to unification? And why is the administration likely to retreat? . . . There has been much talk about the public-relations offices of the armed services. The President has sternly proposed cuts in the allocations of funds that keep them going. We don't quite understand why, in an era in which every organization has its public-relations setup, only the armed services should be prevented from making themselves heard. Contributing Editor **William S. Fairfield** examines their complex, interlocking systems of public relations.

In the pitiful revolution now taking place in Indonesia, Soviet Russia has been furnishing weapons to the government, while we have been providing good wishes for the anti-Communist insurgents. **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist, was in Padang during the revolution. . . . Staff Writer **Paul Jacobs,** a man with some knowledge of how blacklisting operates in Hollywood, describes a strange episode in that curious saga. . . . **John Rosselli** of the *Manchester Guardian's* staff watched some embattled Britons marching in protest against nuclear armament. . . . The Soviet government discourages the use of vodka while making money by selling it. **Charles W. Thayer** describes some of the peculiarly Russian aspects of this strange situation.

**Roland Gelatt** is our regular music critic. . . . **Marvin Barrett** is on the staff of *Newsweek.* . . . **Maya Pines** is author of *Retarded Children Can Be Helped* (Channel Press). . . . **Gerald Weales** is the author of *Miss Grimsbee Is a Witch.* . . . **Alastair Buchan** is our regular British correspondent. . . . **Christine Weston's** latest novel is *The Wise Children* (Scribner). . . . **Dan Levitt** is an American studying at Oxford. . . . **Sidney Alexander** is the author of *Michelangelo the Florentine* (Random House).

Our cover is by **Paul Arlt.**



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# THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

**MAX ASCOLI,** *Editor and Publisher*

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*Contributing Editors:* Robert Bendiner, William S. Fairfield
*Art Director,* Reg Massie • *Copy Editors:* Derek Morgan, Robert H. Albert
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES . . . . . 2

## The Rudderless Course

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR LEADERSHIP—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 8
WE CANNOT AFFORD THIS RECESSION . . . . . *Hans H. Landsberg* 10
THE PENTAGON'S REORGANIZATION MUDDLE . . *Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.* 14
CONGRESS, POLITICS, AND THE RECESSION . . . . . *Carroll Kilpatrick* 18
PR FOR THE SERVICES—IN UNIFORM AND IN MUFTI . . . *William S. Fairfield* 20

## At Home & Abroad

A REVOLUTION FADES AWAY IN PADANGPANJANG . . . . . *Denis Warner* 24
INDONESIA—DRAWINGS . . . . . *Feliks Topolski* 25
GOOD GUYS, BAD GUYS, AND CONGRESSMAN WALTER . . . . . *Paul Jacobs* 29
THE MARCH TO ALDERMASTON . . . . . *John Rosselli* 32
VODKA IS THE CURSE OF THE WORKERS' STATE . . . . *Charles W. Thayer* 33

## Views & Reviews

'GREAT RECORDINGS OF THE CENTURY' . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 35
THE HARDY COMMUTERS OF WILTON, CONNECTICUT . . . . . *Marvin Barrett* 37
EXPLORING THE BRAIN'S UNCHARTED REALMS . . . . . *Maya Pines* 40
*Movies*: FAULKNER REVISED . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 43
MR. NUTTING'S GRAND TOUR . . . . . *Alastair Buchan* 44
AN INDIAN ROGUE OF 'A TWO-YEAR SORT' . . . . . *Christine Weston* 45
BRITAIN FACES THE COMMON MARKET . . . . . *Dan Levitt* 46
THE GREEK SAILOR WHO BECAME ODYSSEUS . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 48



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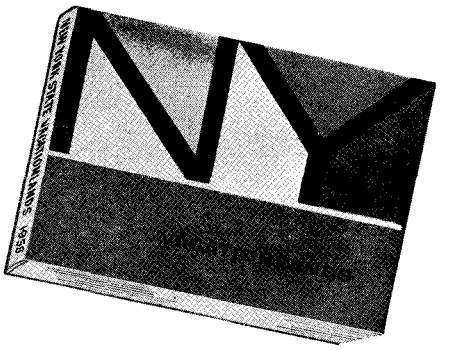


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# No Substitute For Leadership

WE HAVE BECOME SO unaccustomed to Presidential decisiveness as to be startled by the President's behavior toward the reorganization of the armed services. The head of the Executive is prepared to hold his own against a coequal branch of the government. He is determined to do a house-cleaning job on his former place of employment, the Pentagon. Over and over again, he has not hesitated to make it plain that the President is the beneficiary of General Eisenhower's experience and, on military matters, has nothing to learn from anybody.

As for the recession, the President is disposed to wait and see. But he has seen enough of interservice rivalries and refuses to wait for them to subside. It has been hard enough for him to acknowledge that Secretary McElroy could not be given by Congress all the additional budgetary power the Chief Executive would have liked him to receive. But these two embattled civilians, the President and his Secretary of Defense, will not allow officers of the three services any further bickering.

There are a few incongruities that, probably because of his emotional involvement, have failed to impress the President. The Air Force, the service most wholeheartedly on his side and the most intolerant of parochialism, is the one that for long has been *at least* as parochial as the others and has succeeded in getting the most out of its parochialism. On the other hand, the Navy, the most integrated of the armed services, with a land and air power of its own, has reasserted its misgivings about integration. This cannot come as any great surprise to the President, who certainly knows about the 1949 revolt led by Admiral Radford and Admiral Burke against the Secretary of Defense.

Probably because the nation has so many other worries these days, or probably because of this incongruous quality in the squabbling between the Executive and the Legislative on military unification, the popular response to the President's appeal has been rather listless. The press gave perfunctory and uncritical treatment to the speech the President recently made to the nation's newspaper editors. Or was it, perhaps, that the editors felt they had to be courteous toward their illustrious guest and so refrained from examining too closely what he had told them? Or maybe it was because the public-relations offices of the armed services that used to provide much of the military thinking for the nation's press were, on that particular occasion, mute.

### The Editors Did Not Edit

Yet we like to assume that at least a few editors gulped when they heard these words: "Recently we have been spending something more than $5 billion a year for research and development programs dispersed among the several services. This great sum is used to maintain our weapon potential but does not procure one single weapon or piece of equipment for the operating forces—not a one. Eminent scientists report to me that centralization of direction over this program will surely cut costs markedly and improve efficiency." This statement sounded like the President's remarks at his press conferences. Certainly the research and development programs have provided the nation with quite a number of operational missiles and a large family of atomic weapons. Moreover, if a unified research and development program is to be charged with the procurement of equipment, then it had better be scrapped.

"The top strategic planners are the Joint Chiefs of Staff," the President said. Did any of his listeners remember that there is still in existence something called the National Security Council? It is contrary to the law, as well as to the elementary rules of common sense, to assume that the heads of the armed services, plus the chairman of their board, are the top strategic planners of the nation. No one of the armed services can be considered an end in itself, and neither can their unified integrated complex. There can be no room for Pentagon parochialism. The shape of the armed



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services, the destructive power of our weapons system—briefly, our strategy—can be determined only by a thorough, rounded evaluation of our nation's purposes. If no unity of purpose is established and maintained, if strategy is not guided by diplomacy, then it does not matter much whether our armed services are centralized or decentralized.

More than once during the present debate, General Eisenhower has reminded us that he is the Commander in Chief. Of course he is: the Constitution makes him so, and moreover, the nation is duly aware and respectful of his past military achievements. But he is Commander in Chief because he has been elected President. His authority over the armed forces does not come from the fact that twice in the past he was Supreme Commander.

It need scarcely be added that the President's insistence on his military authority as well as on his experience does not, even remotely, come from any desire to abuse his power. Indeed, in all fields, including the military, for too long we have been devoutly praying that the President would make the power of his office felt, as the Constitution demands of him. Now he is advocating a shorter line of command and greater power for the deputy Commander in Chief.

The President is more than ever inclined to delegate large chunks of his authority. John Foster Dulles has never been so firmly in control of our foreign policy, and diplomatic interdepartmental rivalry has been entirely eliminated with the return of Harold Stassen to private life. Secretary McElroy has been designated to assume a similar and parallel role on military matters. On occasions, diplomacy and strategy may have to reach some joint decision. These, presumably, are the occasions on which whatever is left of Presidential authority is supposed to be of some use.

However, the comparison between these two repositories of Presidential authority, Secretary Dulles and Secretary McElroy, cannot be pushed too far. Our matchless Secretary of State is running a one-man diplomacy and is managing to get away with it. On his part, the unfortunate Mr. McElroy has authority over five million people, and some measure of responsibility in the expenditure of forty billion dollars.

### From Shadow to Shadow

At this particular time, when unity among the services and synchronization of diplomacy and strategy are more than ever needed, it is useful to read what General Eisenhower, while campaigning for his first term of office, had to say about the National Security Council. "This body is charged by law with high-level planning for the security of the nation. We have seen how that planning has failed time and again these last years. The failure of this agency to do the job for which it was set up—to make the right plans in time—produces waste on the grand scale. I believe that membership in the National Security Council should not be limited to cabinet officers and heads of administrative agencies. These men are already burdened by the duties of their own offices. The National Security Council, as presently constituted, is more a shadow agency than a really effective policy maker. That, I believe, can be corrected by appointing to it civilians of the highest capacity, integrity and dedication to public service. They should have no other official duties. If the principle of rotation were applied to the citizens filling these posts, a fresh point of view would be constantly brought to the council's deliberations. Thus, we would help transform this agency from shadow to substance."

Those were wise words. They were also prophetic words, for they well describe what is wrong with the National Security Council today. There is no need to add that no outstanding, unattached civilian was ever called to serve on the Security Council. According to what Mr. Robert Cutler, a man particularly well acquainted with its work, wrote in an article in *Foreign Affairs*, "a few wise men, of broad gauge, divorced from the enormous administrative burdens carried by Cabinet members, would have time to think and to contribute a quality of guidance now believed by some to be lacking in the Council." But he added that such men would tend to become elder statesmen and dominate the discussions by their intellectual brilliance. They would have too much time to think.

In spite of Mr. Cutler's opinion, we like to assume that men of intellectual brilliance and with time to think should not be forever banished from the highest council of the nation. True, this assumption of ours is based only on faith. But certainly we would be better off if the advice of some men with time to think had been given the President before he launched his campaign for unification of the armed services, and if the National Security Council had been providing the diplomacy and strategy of our nation not only with working papers but also with a few ideas.

Indeed, the economy of the nation would not be as limp and sickly as it is now if we had something like a National Security Council on economic affairs—and it would not make much difference whether it were formal or informal, provided it had firm and sustained authority. In times when the Presidency is not quite filled and the threats to the nation are dire, we desperately need to have decisions suggested by flexible groups of responsible men—particularly if these groups can avoid imposing a birth control on ideas.

Yet there is no ersatz for Presidential leadership. This is an authority which cannot be parceled out in neat unified packages. We ought to remember also that the vote of the people and not his previous record elects a President, and that the office is imposed on no man. Incidentally, we can well start thinking now of the next Presidential election, thirty months away.



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# We Cannot Afford This Recession

HANS H. LANDSBERG

IF WE COULD talk our way back to prosperity, we would have left the recession behind weeks ago. But neither the President's exhortation to have more confidence and BUY! nor Secretary Weeks's conviction that we have touched bottom seems to have given the economy much of a boost. Even Vice-President Nixon's well-reasoned and forceful address before the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association on April 24 would have been more impressive if it were not well known that he had said the same things six weeks earlier and then faded away into what many believed to be a solidly built doghouse.

The only hope for less talk and more action seems to be the calendar. On June 30, the current rates of excise and corporation taxes expire, and the size of the budget deficit will almost certainly call for another increase in the Federal debt ceiling before Congress adjourns.

THE RECESSION is already some nine months old. Why all the backing and filling? And why, in particular, does the demand for action seem to have receded along with the economy?

The scene opened cheerfully enough in January, with the State of the Union Message proclaiming: " . . . the basic forces of growth remain unimpaired. There are solid grounds for confidence that economic growth will be resumed without an extended interruption." On January 30, Secretary of Labor Mitchell predicted that unemployment would hit a peak of 4.5 million in February, then decline. He voiced his confidence "that there will be an upturn in business in midsummer."

Early in February, there were indications of increasing concern in high places. Perhaps in the foreknowledge of the drastic jump in unemployment to be announced five days later, Chairman Martin of the Federal Reserve Board warned on February 6 that the recession ". . . may be deeper and more protracted than many now anticipate." And when January unemployment hit the peak he had predicted for February, Secretary Mitchell termed unemployment ". . . higher than we would like to see it," but stuck to his belief in a substantial pickup by midsummer. The very next day the President made his celebrated statement that ". . . March will commence to see the start of a pickup in job opportunities. That should mark the beginning of the end of the downturn . . ." But the *Wall Street Journal's* lead story that morning took a less hopeful view: it was headed "Chances Grow for Big Tax Cut as Pessimism Deepens in Washington."

Mr. Eisenhower subsequently complained of misinterpretation: he had not meant to attribute any special significance to what happened in March. As it was, the President's controversial observation was quickly buried under an avalanche of statements that the administration had a tax cut "under constant study and review" (Secretary Anderson on February 23); that the administration would ask Congress for a tax cut if unemployment failed to decline "next month," and that this was the consensus of all cabinet members (Secretary Mitchell on February 23); and that the administration would decide after the March unemployment figures were in whether to propose tax reductions (Senator Knowland on March 4).

With Mr. Nixon's statement that he favored a tax reduction as the next major step to deal with the recession, the climax—a short-lived one as it turned out—was reached on March 10. It carried over to the next day, when Secretary Mitchell assured an AFL-CIO conference that ". . . a major and substantial cut in personal and business taxes is being fully considered and its details worked out. It is ready for immediate use as an additional stimulus to the economy and it will be used if necessary."

### A Net Result of Silence

Both the Nixon and the Mitchell statements had the ring of urgency. But the prospect of action dissolved swiftly. Within two days Secretary Anderson's pact with the Democratic leaders in Congress was announced: neither party would initiate a tax cut without consulting the other. At the same time, the wait-and-see advocates declared that the brand-new February indicators, while bad, were not terrible. According to *Business Week,* White House advisers regarded the March trend as a "minor disappointment, not a major acceleration of the downtrend." The net result of it all was to silence the more aggressive spokesmen in both parties. The only real action taken was the passage of a number of money bills, including some whose effects will only be felt slowly, such as those concerning highway programs, and others that had more to do with Sputniks than economics. On the question of a tax cut there has been a marked retreat from the advance positions occupied in March by the Messrs. Nixon and Mitchell. Since Senator Douglas's proposal for a cut was overwhelmingly defeated



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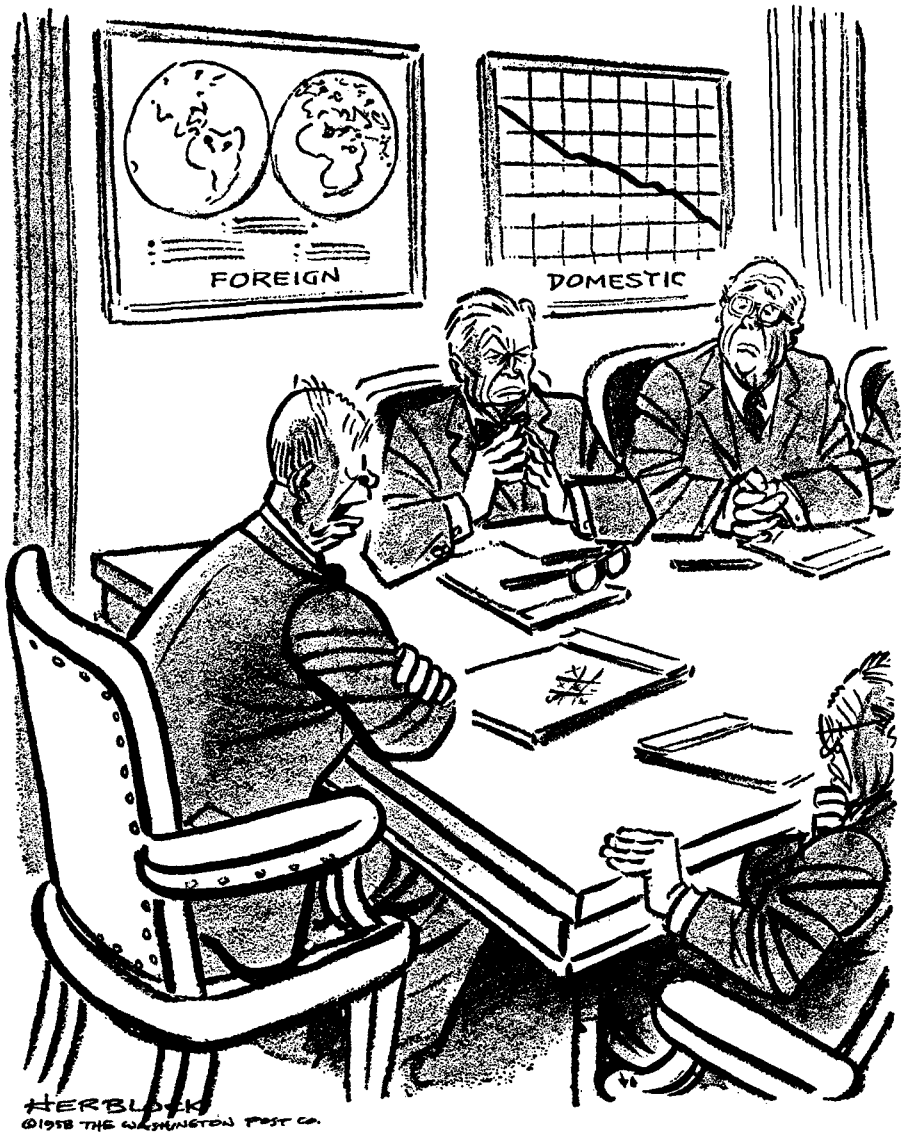
on March 13, there has not been much eagerness among Democrats to try again without Senator Johnson's or Speaker Rayburn's blessing; and the wind from Texas has blown cold in both Houses.

### Delay Rationalized

There is more than one explanation for the diminishing urgency with which both parties contemplate a recession whose extent now exceeds that of both the 1948-1949 and the 1953-1954 downturns. There is an excessive and unrealistic preoccupation with the monthly movements of certain key economic indicators as well as a deeply ingrained fear of inflation. There is a homespun good-housekeeping philosophy based on a horror of deficit financing and assumption of debt that recoils instinctively from any action that smacks of interference with the law of supply and demand. There is the simple fact that to do *something* requires more effort and responsibility and may invite more blame in the future than to do nothing. And last but not least, there is the idea that a recession may actually be a healthy thing to have.

There are indications that all of these elements have been at work. Yet if there is any consensus in Washington, it assigns top priority to the "good-housekeeping" school, if only because it appears to count the President among its adherents. In his February 5 press conference, when he expressed his concern over the results of "trying to fool with our economy," he meant it. On February 24, he stressed the need for "courage" and "confidence"; on March 5, he repudiated the notion that the government was the "most important factor in the . . . economy"; again, on April 2, he quoted approvingly Bernard Baruch's characterization of a tax cut as "folly" and refused to be stampeded into anti-recession measures. These were all expressions of his fundamental abhorrence of governmental interference with the rules of the economic game.

In all probability the experience of the 1953-1954 recession confirms Mr. Eisenhower in this attitude. The tax cut came about then largely through the expiration of existing legislation. It thus required the acceptance rather than the initiation of action, and between Arthur Burns's gentle urging that spending should be speeded up and Secretary Humphrey's reluctant acquiescence in such a course, the recession ended quickly. No radical measures had been necessary, and the gloom-and-doom boys had been proved wrong.




*"Well, Men, What'll We Refrain From Doing Now?"*

Then, too, the downturn had begun in midsummer. March and April were the critical months and the upturn followed quickly thereafter. No doubt the memory of those months is very much alive in the President's mind, confirming him in his general distaste for spending and contracting debts when one is in bad shape—a feeling most of us share when considering the affairs of an individual but have learned to reject in dealing with the affairs of the nation.

### The Chart Gazers

Thus the President's repeated observations that he believes the downward curve is flattening out actually reflect his ardent desire to overcome this recession the same way he did the last one. His recent remark that "I think there is real ground to hope that we will, one of these days—I'm not going to try to predict—be on the upgrade" is perhaps the most generalized expression of this hope. No one can quarrel with it, but it doesn't exactly amount to a comprehensive economic policy.

The President's cautious attitude



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has been supported by the widespread practice of chart gazing, a vice that is at least as common among the economic seers in Washington as elsewhere. This is well illustrated by the speculations attending the release of the industrial production index for March: the fact that while it had dropped three points from January to February it gave up only two more between February and March was quickly interpreted as a sign of improvement and an invitation to wait for the April figures.

Few statisticians would argue that any economic index is precise enough to justify such distinctions. About half of the production index (which measures the value added in manufacturing and mining) is not based on actual production figures but on man-hours worked; these are then converted into output estimates through the use of data on estimated output per man-hour (which do not vary from month to month). It is likely that in a downturn man-hours decline more slowly than output does and that, therefore, the index generally understates decreases in output; at any rate, small changes are not particularly significant.

Furthermore, the Federal Reserve Board frequently revises its index. Just now, for example, it has corrected the index for seven of the twelve months in 1957. The October index was revised upward by one point, and as a result we discover that the September-October drop was only two points, not three, and that the October-November drop was three, not two. Our judgment must be revised accordingly: it now turns out that the recession which we had been led to believe speeded up in October and slowed down in November did the exact opposite—that is, if we take the index that seriously. Actually, small changes in isolated economic indicators have been taken much too seriously. They certainly should not form the basis of important policy decisions.

MOREOVER, there is by now such an array of indicators that it is always possible to latch onto one or two that are behaving less poorly than the others. In a given month, housing starts may show an upturn; in another, retail sales may look better; and in a third, there may be a speed-up in inventory liquidation. Thus, the time for action is always "after the figures are in next month"—i.e., never.

This has indeed been the pattern. The last holdout for April as the "month of decision" was Secretary Mitchell, who held out until March 31. Now that April is gone, everyone is waiting for mid-May to get a look at the April figures. If these show neither a sharp drop nor a significant upturn—and, like the early released April unemployment figures, lend themselves to varying interpretations—chances are that we will then wait until the May returns are in.

Secretary Weeks, for instance, seems reconciled to bumping along the bottom (which he believes has been reached) for a while longer. His former colleague George Humphrey told his shareholders only a few days ago that he had ". . . real hope once we pass Labor Day that we can look for a greater volume of activity." What's the hurry, then? Let's look at more charts while we bump along!

### Behind the Indicators

The intense preoccupation with the monthly changes not only gives them exaggerated standing in policy formation but also clouds our awareness of the low level at which these fluctuations occur. For example, it does not matter as much whether steel operations move from 47.5 to 48.5 per cent of capacity as it does that even at 50 per cent, what we are now *not* producing is the equivalent of seventy million tons of steel a year. This is an enormous quantity: it equals what we *did* produce only eleven years ago, and exceeds Soviet steel production by some fifteen million tons. It represents a value at the mill of easily $5 billion, and probably more nearly double that in steel-mill products.

Other industries show less drastic production declines, but translating the indexes into dollars and cents shows that they represent a great deal more than a slight curve on a graph. The Federal Reserve Board's index of production may be said, very roughly, to represent industries that in 1957 produced some $150 billion worth of goods. The index's twelve per cent drop since the summer of 1957 probably represents a loss of production to the nation of not less than $18 billion, and that in manufacturing and mining alone. To postpone remedial action simply because in any given month the index drops by one point less than it did the month before is to ignore the depth of the bottom already reached.

IT IS ONLY by calculating the great cost of the recession so far that the possible losses from future inflation fall into proper perspective. To begin with, it is necessary to realize that since the Second World War the sum total of goods and services (usually called the gross national product) has grown steadily. Over the last ten years this growth has been almost forty per cent, in real terms. During the same years there was a seventeen per cent rise in the cost of living.

Even during the past two years, when inflation accelerated, the real gross national product has increased by four per cent while the cost of living rose by five per cent. In other words, in the past decade total physical production has not suffered any decline, almost continuous price rises notwithstanding. On the contrary, growth in real output has outstripped price rises. If conditions that have prevailed in the past few years should re-establish themselves in the future, we would return to a growing economy. Even if we were no better able to cope with price increases than we have been in the past, the economy would still be growing. Perhaps it would grow slowly. But the fact is that right now it is shrinking.

There is not much point in speculating about whether the physical volume of goods and services at our disposal was diminished by inflation. Reconstructing history by varying one of the elements may be entertaining, but it rests upon the fundamental fallacy that everything else would have remained constant.

"The lost ground incident to a serious decline may take years to make good," warns the Rockefeller Report, which very strikingly contrasts the current level of output not with what went before but with what we *might* by now have



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achieved but for the recession. The deficit amounts to $25 billion a year. This then must be measured against the annual growth rate of five per cent that the Rockefeller group considers both a desirable and an achievable goal.

When Federal Reserve Chairman Martin told the Byrd Committee last August that ". . . between 1955 and 1956 we lost more than fifty per cent of the increase in our gross national product in a markup in prices without any additional goods and services . . . ," he was in effect arguing that the physical volume of production achieved would have been greater if prices had not risen. We was robbed, Mr. Martin says. But were we? Or is it not simply that the country achieved a certain increase in production in an environment of rising prices? No more, no less. What we "lost," if anything, is not susceptible of proof. To understand this is not to advocate inflation, creeping or otherwise. It is merely to see through a facile argument that is basically erroneous because it is based on a static concept of economic development.

### Inflation in Perspective

Is it true that anti-recession measures, including a sizable tax cut—say up to $10 billion—are necessarily inflationary? Increased purchasing power would certainly tend to push prices up if there were a shortage of goods. But given the size of present inventories and the indicated $18-billion slack in production since last summer's peak, a $10-billion increase in consumer demand would not exceed the potential supply. Even a budget deficit of $8 or $10 billion, as now seems inevitable, leaves a good deal of slack to be filled in, especially since at least half of the deficit will result from reduced incomes and lower production.

For the sake of clarity, one might illustrate the point by speculating that just to purchase, as finished articles, the capacity output of the steel industry alone would probably require a tax cut of between $7 and $10 billion.

A renewal of inflation caused by anti-recession measures does not seem to be our most pressing problem. Indeed, the continuing slow advance of prices, through boom and depression years alike, would seem to suggest that fiscal and monetary policies have been exercising diminishing control over price levels.

As the Committee for Economic Development said in March: "The problem at hand is to arrest the decline. . . . When that has been done, the Federal Reserve should be prepared to reverse its policies at an early stage in the next expansion in order to restrain inflationary pressures."

WHILE FEAR of inflation has contributed heavily to the administration's caution about vigorous recovery measures, in some instances the driving motive seems to have been a conviction that we must undergo the purgatory of deflation before we can ascend once more into prosperity. This conviction has been rigorously held by Chairman Martin of the Federal Reserve Board.

In an informal panel address to the annual Joint World Bank and International Monetary Fund meeting in late September, Mr. Martin told how a few days earlier a man had congratulated him on his anti-inflationary policy but had concluded by saying: "Well, I just want to tell you you have been right so far, but if you don't ease money pretty quickly it will be too late and we will all be in the soup." At this point the record of the session records "[Laughter]," and Mr. Martin continued, "Well, I didn't make any comment. I just quietly faded away." Eight months later, the joke seems to be on Mr. Martin and his jocular audience. In early February, when anti-recession concern was mounting, he formulated again the thoughts of the "curative" school. The time and rate of recovery, he said, would ". . . depend in some part on the speed with which economic corrections are made . . ." in such areas as business pricing, selling practices and efficiency, labor's wage bargaining, various financing arrangements, ". . . and in the incentives to consumers to buy." In an elegant parable, he compared the economy with a patient who had overexerted himself and whose recovery could not be prevented ". . . unless you give him a hypodermic that leads him to try to overexert himself again." The import of his remarks was clear: the recession should not be stopped prematurely.

Undoubtedly Mr. Martin is especially sensitive on this point, since he has been blamed—in part unjustly—for both the excessive boom and its final demise. His belief in the recession's curative powers is shared in a more inscrutable way by others. Thus the *Wall Street Journal* of April 16 editorialized, apropos of government spending as a substitute for private capital investment: "The decrease in private borrowing represents a temporary adjustment which the economy needs to make or else it wouldn't happen. To compensate for the decrease with a deficit is to interfere with that adjustment."

And the Guaranty Trust Company in its April *Survey* was even more mysterious when it stated: "It is generally agreed, among businessmen at any rate, that booms generate unsound tendencies. These tendencies occur in a variety of combinations that defies close analysis, prediction, and treatment. Yet, whatever the combination may be in a particular case, it requires correction, and the correction involves a temporary decline in business activity." As for the high priest of the "curative" school, Mr. Baruch, he has never, not even during the great depression, deviated from his conviction that recessions are basically salutary, a necessary purgation for the economy after a sharp upturn.

### The Bipartisan Deficit

To what extent this school has its adherents in the top echelons of the administration is hard to tell. Mr. Baruch's sentiments generally find a favorable reception in the White House, blending easily with the President's own tendency to rely on the recuperative powers of the patient and not to "become hysterical" or to "be stampeded." But Mr. Eisenhower's recent characterization of the recession as a "minor emergency" compared with the international situation and his admonition to be less "preoccupied with our immediate sources of income" seem less like the reasoned conclusions of an economist than the instinctive reactions of a conscientious housekeeper.

It is these strands that make up the



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opposition to vigorous recovery measures. There is no doubt that this opposition is strong and has been growing. There is also no doubt that it is in large measure bipartisan. Though the Democrats have been more willing than the Republicans to push spending measures, they have been at best ambiguous on the subject of a tax cut.

There are those who maintain that the "keep the tax cut out of politics" compact between the Treasury and the Democratic leadership on Capitol Hill was a smart piece of party politics on the Democrats' part. It leaves them free to claim credit if the recession ends—thanks to their more active sponsorship of spending bills—and free to blame the inactivity of the administration if it doesn't, while evading altogether the issue of having rekindled inflation through a tax cut. Be that as it may, the tax-cut truce has not kept the country from facing a big budget deficit this year and a bigger one in 1959.

It is ironic that the prospect of a deficit, which in large measure will arise from reduced revenues and thus testifies to a failure to arrest the slump, has not only not weakened the advocates of wait-and-see but has actually strengthened their position: in the face of an $8- or $10-billion budget gap, tax reduction now is twice as odious as before, and anyway, isn't the deficit itself proof that "compensatory action" is being taken?

Now that the course of events is forcing a deficit on us, Mr. Martin ". . . would accept the risk of the deficit we are now running. But I would not want to accept the risk of a greater deficit at this time." This acceptance of the inevitable must not be misread as a transition toward a more aggressive policy. On the contrary, the presence of a deficit over which the administration has no control only lessens the likelihood of a deliberately planned deficit.

### Criteria for Action

Nobody wants to have guessed wrong. But then nobody is obliged to guess at all: it is enough to look at the present and correct our course as we move along. Considering what this recession could cost us, we might do better at this point to be caught with our taxes down and with both our production and—if we fail to control them—even our prices up.

For the rest of the year we can only hope that the policymakers will forget their particular predilections long enough to make a realistic estimate of the costs of recession and somehow find the courage to guess wrong on the side of too soon and too much.

If we have learned anything from the backing and filling of recent weeks, it is perhaps that we must devote ourselves, in what we hope will be more placid times to come, to establishing levels of unemployment and production beyond which we shall not permit the economy to move without the automatic and immediate application of compensatory measures, including first of all tax adjustments. Such measures would become effective both on the upswing and on the downturn.

Such an over-all economic policy would involve problems, to be sure. But they would probably be far less serious than those we are experiencing now.

# The Pentagon's Reorganization Muddle

**EDWARD L. KATZENBACH, JR.**

FOR YEARS, it has been common knowledge that all was not well with the Pentagon. There has been no disagreement on at least two points. The first is that there are so many layers of authority, so many initials to obtain on every action paper, so many committees and so much co-ordination that not enough gets done. The second point is that the military commands—the Pacific Command, the Continental Air Defense Command, and so forth—have not been given the clear authority to do their jobs. The disagreement, and the present conflict between the Executive and Congress, is about the layers of authority that are to be considered expendable and the lines of command that should be maintained.

The President outlined his general views in his first post-Sputnik address to Congress, his State of the Union Message on January 9. In it he made no mention of many of the causes most frequently given for our military embarrassment—civilian red tape, financial starvation, indecision at the top. Instead he placed the main responsibility on the military's lack of organization. He spoke of "pride of service and mistaken zeal in promoting particular doctrine..." He pointed to "harmful service rivalries." He was "sure," he said, that "America wants them stopped." There was no mistaking the President's zeal.

His words in the State of the Union Message embodied deeply felt beliefs. His former Secretary of Defense, Charles E. Wilson, had always felt that the organization worked well, and his new one, Neil H. McElroy, was waiting to find out how it worked before making any recommendations. On January 9 the President was on his own, and has been ever since.

AFTER THE APPLAUSE for the Presidential address had died down, Congress began work on its own versions. Parallel bills were introduced in the Senate and the House and were sponsored by legislators whose experience is matched only by their seniority. In the House the bill was sponsored by Carl Vinson (D., Georgia), Leslie C. Arends (R., Illinois), and Paul J. Kilday (D., Texas). Mr. Arends is the ranking Republican on the House Armed Services Committee and Republican whip; Mr. Kilday is an expert on the Constitution. Mr. Vinson, currently chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, was serving in Congress before General Eisenhower



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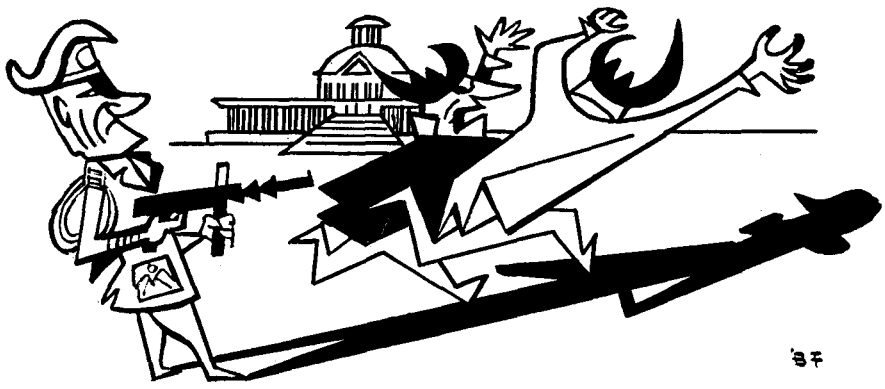

put on the gold bars of a second lieutenant. In the Senate, the sponsors were Styles Bridges (R., New Hampshire) and Mike Mansfield (D., Montana). Senator Bridges is senior Republican on the Senate Appropriations Committee; Senator Mansfield is the Democratic whip.

In mid-April the President finally sent his bill to Congress, a bill that for some reason no one, not even the President, seems to be satisfied with.

Controversy is likely to rage not only for this year and on this piece of legislation but for some time to come and on other pieces of like legislation. Obviously this is no mere partisan conflict. Rather it comes from the conflicting interests and attitudes of the Executive and Legislative branches of government.

### Sharper Swords, Tighter Purses

There are three issues on which it is difficult to foresee anything other than the most awkward compromise between Congress and the President. The first has to do with the powers which the President requests Congress to give the Secretary of Defense so that the Secretary, if he thinks best, may reallocate service functions and to an extent the moneys voted by Congress. The second concerns the Secretaries of the individual services, whom the President would like to see stripped of authority over operational matters and restricted to the field of administration of personnel and logistics. The third major difference has to do with the President's desire to give the Joint Chiefs an operational staff so that the planning for all unified commands may come directly from that staff.

In the bills that the congressmen have proposed, the power of the Secretary of Defense through his comptroller has been sharply cut. The comptroller "shall have the power to make recommendations with regard to the management of funds," the Kilday Congressional bill reads, "but he shall not possess or exercise any supervision, control, or judgment over the military justification for programs and requirements of the military departments." The Congressional complaint against the comptroller goes back several years. The essence of it is that after Congress has voted money for a specific project, the comptroller reviews the need and allocates the funds to the services only if he judges that they should be used. This amounts really to an Executive item veto of legislation, and is resented as such.

If Congress decides, for example, that a particular Air Force base runway needs lengthening and votes the money for the project, it does not want the comptroller's office to decide, as on occasion it has in the past, that the runway should *not* be altered. Congress is not about to give up its cherished power to grant specific appropriations. It fought the battle in the eighteenth century and won. It intends to win today.

THE PRESIDENT, however, wants this control over funds broadened. As late as April 3 the President's position was that the Secretary of Defense and the comptroller "do not have sufficient directive authority over such expenditures." The President urged "strongly" that "in the future the Congress make appropriations for this Department [of Defense] in such fashion as to provide the Secretary of Defense adequate authority and flexibility to discharge his heavy responsibilities."

The ultimate effect of what the President was asking would tend to create a procedure similar to the British practice of voting a lump sum for defense. And from the point of view of Congress, the President was seeking to destroy the separation of powers. The President maintains, however, that he only wants greater flexibility.

As for the question of Pentagon reorganization, the only point where the President and his Congressional opponents agree is that the President's last effort at reorganizing the Pentagon, in 1953, left something to be desired.

IN 1953 the President set up an enormous civilian superstructure. Depending on just who is counted in, there are some twenty-nine Under Secretaries and Assistant Secretaries.

According to Senator Mansfield, there are about 2,400 civilian employees in the office of the Secretary of Defense, a group whose self-image, incidentally, is that they constitute a brave little band, struggling to coordinate the thousands working for the separate services. Under the Act of 1953 not only was the Office of the Secretary of Defense enlarged but the position of the Secretaries of the several departments was strengthened very specifically.

Under the heading of the first objective of his 1953 organization plan, i.e., the "clarification of lines of authority within the Department of Defense so as to strengthen civilian responsibility," the President described the role of the service Secretaries with some precision: ". . . The channel of responsibility and authority to a commander of a unified command will unmistakably be from the President to the Secretary of Defense to the designated civilian sec



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retary of a military department." Then he went on to explain: "This arrangement will fix responsibility along a definite channel of accountable civilian officials as intended by the National Security Act."

Now the President has reversed his position and wants the departmental Secretaries to be taken out of the line of command altogether. He wants them "relieved of direct responsibility for military operations." "I am convinced," the President now says, "that these secretaries should concern themselves with such vital tasks as bringing greater economy and efficiency to activities which support operational commands." Furthermore, the President would cut down on the civilian leadership within the departments of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, although he would leave the structure in the office of the Secretary of Defense much as it is at present.

THE CONGRESSIONAL BILL attacks the problem from the other end. It would strike perhaps 1,800 persons from the payrolls of the office of the Secretary of Defense, leaving it only six hundred employees. Civilian Secretaries—that is, Assistant Secretaries and their deputies—would be reduced from twenty-nine to fifteen. While the Congressional proposals also reduce the number of departmental Secretaries, they would upgrade their chiefs. In the first section of the bill proposed by the gentlemen on Capitol Hill, the Secretaries of the Army, Navy, and Air Force are raised again to a

permanent seat in that holy of holies, the National Security Council. At present the Secretary of Defense is the only representative of the Department of Defense who enjoys such tenure.

How can such profoundly different perspectives on the problem be explained? The answer is really not so difficult. Congressmen see the problems of the Defense Department through the eyes of the military, whose testimony has more meaning for them than that of the high civilian Pentagon official who, they know, is only in town for something like a year and a half before his own business beckons him back home. Congressmen see a surfeit of civilian red tape in the Pentagon. The congressman has usually spent more time on military affairs than has the civilian in the Pentagon, and as a result tends to think him superfluous. It is no wonder that legislative surgery is recommended as a remedy for the ills of the Pentagon at the level of the office of the Secretary of Defense. But this does not explain why it is that Congress wants to restore a large portion of the authority of the departmental Secretaries.

The answer here is more difficult to give. It is easy to say that Congress likes a fractured Executive structure, one into which it can pry at will. There is some truth in this. Information is easier to obtain if one service is played off against another; policy is more easily made by Congress when there is division within the Executive. Influence in the form of contracts, plane rides, or a newsworthy press release is more easily bought if the services are vying with one another. But an answer in these terms does not answer the question. The problem lies deeper. It lies in a continuing respect for a federated structure rather than a unified streamlined one. Here, respect for the principle of diversity, the politician's faith that controversy is the spark of wisdom and compromise its end, is the true Congressional perspective.

The President's perspective is quite the opposite. He sees the troubles of military controversies through civilian eyes. He talks mostly to civilians or to men who, like himself, are civilianized soldiers. These men have no patience with interservice disputes, with military leaks to Congress, with cases of forbidden testimony being released. Given this perspective, it is no wonder that the President should want to enhance the power of the civilians, and that he is angered only by those civilians in the military departments who are "captives" of their services.

In short, while the argument between President and Congress will be fought in terms of slogans—"dictatorship in the Pentagon," "businesslike decentralization," a "tighter

structure," a "firmer civilian hold"—the truth of the matter is that the real differences are sunk deep in self-interest and corresponding prejudices, and are thus quite immovable. Until Congress is willing to give the last say to the President, the President will not be able to reorganize on the civilian side as he would like. And despite a promised Presidential crusade, the best guess is that Congress will not turn over its last say as long as it can avoid doing so.

This matter of the independence of the departmental Secretaries is closely linked to another question in the minds of those on both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. This is the matter of the maintenance of separate services as strong independent entities, or, conversely, of their merger.

### Compromise or Directives?

Both Congress and the Executive are in favor, of course, of unified commands in the field. Congress makes quite a point of this, and so does the President. The difficulty arises in any discussion of what sort of organization should do the planning for the unified commands in Washington. Should the departmental staffs do it, and then compose their differences in a Joint Staff, as at present? Or should an operational staff, giving orders with the sanction and in the name of the Secretary of Defense, make plans and oversee their execution?

The President is very much in fa-



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vor of the idea of an authoritative operational staff, one placed above the service staffs, which, instead of compromising differences, would dictate decisions. This is not surprising, since he was himself the first chief of a successful U.S. Army prototype of the staff he now advocates for all the services. ". . . The Joint Staff," writes the President, "must be further unified and strengthened in order to provide the operational and planning assistance heretofore largely furnished by staffs of the military departments." The statement sounds harmless enough. Yet it raises doubts and fears in the minds of many in Congress. "Our Joint Chiefs of Staff system is the strongest insurance against the militarily and politically dangerous supreme staff concept," Senator Mansfield has argued.

Although new weapons are usually given as the reason for increased attention to integrated staff planning on the Defense Department level, most of the arguments for and against such an operational staff were developed more than a quarter of a century ago. Nothing basically new can be added to the arguments both pro and con that Congress used in discussing the matter of unification in the 1920's and 1930's, when the manned aircraft first came to be understood as the square peg in military organization. As a matter of fact, if one substitutes "missiles" for "air power," the arguments that raged in Congress between the wars over whether there should be a separate Air Force, whether air power should be retained in both the War (Army) and Navy Departments simultaneously, or whether these two departments should be merged into one, sound much like those used today.

### Beliefs, Past and Present

But while Congress has been reasonably consistent in its view over the years, the military services have not been consistent in theirs. Today the U.S. Navy and the Marine Corps are against further centralization and so are on the side of Congress, while the Air Force and to a large extent the Army are reported to be for it.

Yet in the 1930's the Army was dead set against centralization. For

example, so distinguished a spokesman as Douglas MacArthur warned of general rejoicing on the part of this nation's enemies if such steps as the President is now taking were to be taken then. And the Air Force, which is now thinking in terms of the merger of all the services, was only a decade ago fighting for separation. Many in the U.S. Navy in the era before the First World War were enamored of the staff system which most in that service now believe to be dangerous.

As for Congress, it sees military centralization as leading to the establishment of a single military doctrine, one that would minimize the flexibility of our foreign policy. It distrusts the concept of a single staff doing all the planning. It does not believe that there should be only one source of military wisdom.

Each of the services believes that the others' motives for opposing or espousing the concept of a single planning staff are selfish, narrow, and parochial. Thus the Navy and the Marine Corps believe that the Air Force is for greater centralization because its members think that manned aircraft are on their way out and their jobs are therefore in jeopardy. People in the Navy Department fear that the Air Force is in favor of a single staff as a step toward complete merger of the services. The Marine Corps sees the threat of being absorbed by the Army. Needless to say, the Army and the Air Force have their own idea of why the Navy opposes a central staff. They assume that the Navy is afraid of subjecting its controversial aircraft carriers to the "unbiased" disposition of a single staff. And so forth.

In actuality, however, these perspectives are not the true ones. It must also be said that in all three services there are men, although extremely rare in the Army and Air Force, who are convinced that separate thinking by separate staffs is a useful way to reach—after due discussion—common decisions. At the same time, in all three services there are those, though rare in this case in the Navy and Marine Corps, who are most earnestly convinced that a single staff working together on a full-time basis will come up with solutions more consonant with the national interest.

Unfortunately, history proves both cases. There is no lack of instances showing the danger of service fanaticism, just as there are abundant cases showing that a single staff has not worked well. There is no doubt that staffs—single or unified—have tendencies toward strategic faddism. The Army staff before the Second World War practically ignored the tank because it was fond of the horse. The Navy staff at the same time was sadly overrating the battleship because the battleship men on the staff outranked the naval fliers.

Furthermore, men with large experience can reach quite different conclusions. For example, at almost the same time that the President was speaking in his State of the Union Message of "harmful service rivalry," Chairman Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee was saying that he had "not seen demonstrated one single example of interservice rivalry with a deleterious effect upon our war efforts."

It is to be feared there will be no firm information this spring even on so vital a matter as how the system has been working up till now.

### Estimates on a Crusade

For many this matter of organization is a religion. A single chief of the general staff is for them the unborn prophet, a "cleaned-up" organization chart is the gospel, and a single uniform for all is the vest-



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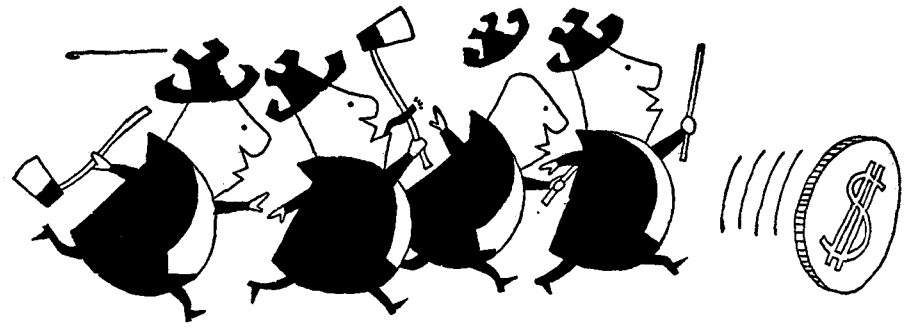
ment. For them, the reorganization plan advocated by the President is the smallest of steps in the right direction. For the advocates of decentralization, the plan, even if watered down by Congress, will be an unmitigated evil.

Yet it must be admitted that there is something unreal about the whole controversy. In his State of the Union Message the President suggested that the reorganizing of the Defense Department was the solution to our military ills. But of course only a small part of defense policy is made in the Pentagon. The National Security Council and the Bureau of the Budget, the debt ceiling set by Congress, decisions on the military spending level—all these elements and many more vitally affect our military establishment. Despite weeks of hearings, headlines, and acrimony, the most that reorganization of the Defense Department can be expected to accomplish is the improvement or the weakening of the way in which a fraction of the important decisions are made.

Furthermore, the fight itself is largely illusory too. Who could seriously argue that the Secretary of Defense has been limited in his powers? The real problem lies not in getting more authority for the Secretary but in getting one who knows enough about his job to use intelligently the powers he already has.

As soon as the President brought forth his reorganization plan, he clamped down on the services. Officers were told that they could not reveal to press and public just what they thought of the plan, although they could comment to their commanding officers and to Congress. But along with the order a directive went out to the effect that no senior officers who showed particular service bias would be promoted. The effect will be, of course, to prevent officers from speaking their minds freely to Congress. The President may well have stopped the bickering in public, but he has not stopped the controversy. The net result may well be that differing opinions from responsible men will no longer be attributed to them. But they certainly will be heard, planted somewhere and everywhere by men not so responsible.



# *Congress, Politics, And the Recession*

**CARROLL KILPATRICK**

In the absence of powerful and effective Executive leadership, political initiative is nearly always asserted in some form, good or bad, by Congress. But perhaps not since the post-Civil War Reconstruction Congress, during which the Republican Radicals sought to destroy President Andrew Johnson, has power been so firmly centered on Capitol Hill as it is right now.

The Democratic machine under the direction of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn has functioned with great smoothness. There has been less stripping of gears than in any Congress in two decades or more, and not since 1933 has Congress got through so much work in so short a time.

But there is a vast difference between 1958 and 1933. In that deep depression year, a top-heavy Democratic Congress acted with dispatch on a host of bills that had been sent to it from the White House. The 1958 Congress has acted on its own responsibility and with an unusual sense of direction under the firm discipline of the two Texans, Johnson and Rayburn.

When the Easter recess approaches, political correspondents in Washington usually prepare long articles on how little Congress has accomplished in its first three months. The opening months are generally spent on committee work, in preparing bills for the floor, and in jockeying for position. But when Congress went home this Easter it had already run up a considerable record of accomplishment. Instead of the desultory floor sessions to be expected in the first months, Congress this year met regularly and worked long hours. Under Johnson's prodding, the Senate often convened early and sat late, occasionally remaining in session until midnight.

"Urgency," said Senator Johnson on February 23, "is not a dirty word."

At the end of its first three months, the second session of the Eighty-Fifth Congress had taken six major anti-recession steps. It had:

¶ Approved the Johnson resolution urging the administration to accelerate civil public works "to the greatest practicable extent."

¶ Approved the Johnson resolution urging that military construction projects already planned and approved be "accelerated to the greatest practicable extent."

¶ Approved the Sparkman housing bill designed to stimulate the construction industry.

¶ Approved the Gore bill to accelerate the Federal highway programs, which would create some 520,000 additional jobs.

¶ Approved the omnibus rivers and harbors bill, which its sponsors said would create a potential of nearly 400,000 jobs.

¶ Approved a farm bill designed to freeze farm price supports and acreage allotments for one year at the 1957 levels.

At this point, the administration



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suddenly became fearful that Congress was moving "too fast." The White House sent word to the Capitol that Republicans must "slow down" the precipitate spending program initiated by the Democrats. Meade Alcorn, chairman of the Republican National Committee, denounced the "frenzied spending plan thrown together" in Congress—apparently forgetting that there had been substantial bipartisan support for all six measures.

Senator William F. Knowland of California and Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, the Republican leaders, issued a statement stressing the administration's "sensible, well-planned ways" to check the recession.

The Democrats could not have been more pleased by these reactions. The Republicans themselves seemed intent upon sharpening the lines in the picture their opponents were drawing of a timid, slow-moving administration. When Congress returned after the Easter recess, Johnson ordered that work should begin immediately on the three remaining features of the Democratic anti-recession program:

¶ The Fulbright bill to authorize Federal loans to communities for public-works projects.

¶ The Monroney bill to expand the airport program.

¶ The Anderson bill to authorize a new and far-reaching reclamation program.

### To Sign or Not to Sign

When the bills passed before Easter reached his desk, President Eisenhower signed the housing and highway bills, though not without misgivings because of the large amounts of Federal money involved. But he vetoed both the farm bill, which ran directly contrary to his recommendations for more flexibility in fixing price supports, and the omnibus rivers and harbors bill.

Though it may be argued that Mr. Eisenhower was acting in the public interest in both vetoes, it is extremely doubtful that he was acting in the best interests of the Republican Party as far as next fall's elections are concerned. His farm-bill veto will be used by the Democrats to continue their attack on Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson and his farm policies. The rivers and harbors veto will be used by Democratic candidates in districts that would have been affected to attack Republican water and resources policies.

To keep these issues alive, the Senate has resorted to a most unusual stratagem. It authorized the appropriate committees to hold hearings on the two veto messages. There is practically no chance that Congress will override either veto. But how better to harass the President and his supporters? There was strong Republican support for the farm bill; the G.O.P. Senate caucus voted 17-14 to request the President to sign it. There was equally strong Republican support for the rivers and harbors bill; Senator Knowland even made a trip to the White House to plead for the President's approval. Be that as it may, Republicans will have to put up some kind of defense in the public hearings.

On another front, the Senate Finance Committee has been piling up evidence designed to show that the Republican "tight money" policy helped bring on the recession. Johnson himself has attacked the administration for allowing "the weight of burdensome money costs" to slow down the forward march of the nation's economy.

WHAT does this Democratic plan of battle add up to? Although as political strategy it seems nothing short of brilliant, some doubt must remain as to whether it can provide an effective attack on *this* recession. Most of the works projects are unquestionably desirable. But their timing may be bad. They will have little effect this year, when, in the opinion of most economists, the recession will be at its worst. The projects will begin to take effect only in 1959 and 1960, when the natural forces of recovery may make inflation—not deflation—the primary problem. If President Eisenhower had fought for his school-construction program last year, when it had a chance of passing, it would just now be taking hold with beneficial effects on the economy.

Looking back, it is obvious that in asking for a tax cut earlier this year, Vice-President Nixon displayed a keen awareness of his party's true political interest—and perhaps of the nation's true economic interest. A tax reduction early this year might have helped slow down the recession at the time of its most rapid advance to date. It almost certainly would have put Republican candidates in a considerably stronger position to face the impending electoral campaigns.

### The Limits of Responsibility

The Employment Act of 1946, which established the Council of Economic Advisers, charged the U.S. government with promoting "maximum employment, production, and purchasing power." The act placed the primary responsibility on the Executive Branch, which has far better means than Congress of obtaining information on the state of the economy and of providing guidance for the development of fiscal and monetary policies.

Congress has many committees dividing up the work and is subject to manifold pressures. It is not the most competent agency to provide the unity of leadership needed to cope successfully and energetically with either inflation or recession.

Even if the program Congress has enacted under the leadership of Lyndon Johnson succeeds to some extent in softening or shortening the current recession, it is clear that the Legislative Branch can provide only stopgap temporary leadership in economic matters. In the long run, effective economic leadership must come from the Executive Branch. Senator Johnson is well aware of this. As he has remarked on a number of occasions, "I've read the Constitution."



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# *PR for the Services— In Uniform and in Mufti*

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

In his recent message to Congress on military reorganization, President Eisenhower spoke at some length of his objections to "defense dollars spent in publicity and influence campaigns in which each service claims superiority over the others . . ." The President apparently was annoyed that the same public-relations techniques which have permeated nearly every other segment of American life have also found their way into the Pentagon.

It is hardly surprising that the armed forces should use the tried and tested techniques of public relations in what they regard as a fight for survival. "A man feels blocked if his particular branch of service is on the wane," according to George Mahon, the hard-working Texas Democrat who heads the House Military Appropriations subcommittee. "Therefore he utilizes every means at hand to fight for his survival." Mahon points out that the struggle is intensified by modern weapons that fundamentally alter the historic "roles and missions" assigned to the Army, Navy, and Air Force—weapons to which each service can stake equally valid claims. Do missiles, for example, belong to the Air Force as an extension of manned bombers? Or do they belong to the Army as an extension of artillery? And which of the services should have control once missiles themselves become manned?

More than selfish partisanship is involved. The champions of each of the three services are no less sincere than the advocates of total service unification in their determination to advance their own theories about how the nation can best be defended.

The Air Force, on the one hand, is dedicated to massive retaliation as the best hope of deterring enemy attacks. The Army and Navy, on the other, argue that present U.S. air power is already sufficient to deter an all-out enemy attack, and that the most likely prospect is for a series of limited wars, which can only be won by conventional forces and tactical atomic weapons.

The three services also basically disagree on unification, with the Navy in consistent opposition while the other two have shifted roles according to which believed it would be able to dominate the unified command.

A dozen years ago, when the Air Force was still a branch of the Army and the latter received the largest share of the defense budget, the Army was strongly pro-unification. But the President now finds his primary support coming from the Air Force, whose appropriation has been growing steadily until it is now almost as large as that of the Army and Navy combined. The Air Force's information chief, General Arno H. Leuhman, has put it bluntly: "All the first priority jobs in the next war will be air jobs, so it's only natural that the Air Force should control the show."

The three services naturally aim a sizable share of their public-relations efforts directly at Congress. Each service maintains an office of legislative liaison. The Air Force office, with some 160 full-time employees, is by far the largest. Its Congressional specialists have been known to stage elaborate rehearsals in preparation for hearings. Air Force officers, playing the roles of legislators who are apt to be unfriendly, bark out the difficult questions that may be anticipated, while others coach the witness in how best to deliver carefully prepared answers. The rehearsals, which sometimes last for weeks, are probably tougher on the witness than the actual hearings, where he may expect a certain amount of help from certain legislators who can be depended on to serve up some "friendly" questions, which the Air Force thoughtfully provides.

Chairman Mahon has suggested that Army spokesmen seem equally well prepared before his Military Appropriations subcommittee. He privately complimented one Army general for "the most terrific job of selling his service's program that I have ever seen," and added that a second Army witness "can make you feel that the Army will have an ICBM before breakfast the next morning."

### The Ties of Service

Each service pays special attention to certain key members of the House and Senate. Two Georgians, Senator Richard B. Russell and Representative Carl Vinson, have served as the Democratic chairmen of the Senate and House Armed Services Committees, respectively, since these were established in 1947. Although among the forty-eight states Georgia is favored with the fourth highest number of major Army installations and Air Force bases, Russell and Vinson have never wavered in their fondness for the Navy. The two served for many years as chairmen of the Naval Affairs Committees of the Senate and House, respectively, before Congress established the present defense-wide Armed Services Committees. Both men are now in the van of Congressional opposition to the President's unification proposals.

The legislative liaison offices always make a point of cultivating members of Congress who saw active duty in their own branches during the Second World War and who still hold reserve commissions. Notable among these are Senator Paul Douglas, a Marine Corps lieutenant colonel; Pennsylvania's Representative James Van Zandt, a Navy captain; and Senator Barry Goldwater, an Air Force colonel.

Then there are congressmen like Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, whose pursuit of a balanced budget has led him to support whichever service promises the best defense at the cheapest price. Ten years ago, Cannon suggested leaving the next war to the Air Force. "The Air Force would decide it in three weeks," he said, "while the Navy and Army would never reach Moscow in three years." In February of this year, Cannon was still at it,



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taking the floor of the House to charge that the Navy had "squandered billions on flattops."

JUST HOW SENSITIVE the services can be to such economy advocates is best illustrated by an Air Force message dated July 29, 1957—a mere two months before Congress awoke to the urgency suggested by the launching of Sputnik I. Addressed to "all commanders," it read: "Recent news stories which have described certain Air Force projects as space flight projects have resulted in unfavorable reaction . . . at Congressional levels. It is suggested that any speeches or public releases planned by you or your staff avoid the mention or discussion of space, space technology, and space vehicles . . ."

And, finally, of course, all legislators have an understandable interest in how military spending may affect their constituencies. Casually ticking off a list of the Navy's most ardent supporters in Congress, one officer concluded by adding the name of a South Carolina representative whom he identified simply as "Mendel Rivers of the Charleston Navy Yard." Sometimes the fact that the welfare of a particular area is supported by more than one of the services strengthens a legislator's inclination to adopt a broader view of the national interest. A colonel in the Air Force's legislative liaison office mentioned one congressman who has both Navy and Air Force interests in his district. "He's all for more bombers and for developing an atomic-powered plane," the colonel remarked, "but you've got to be careful approaching him on missiles, what with the Navy's plan for Polaris submarines."

When after many months Secretary of Defense Neil H. McElroy had still failed to decide between production of the Army's Jupiter and the Air Force's Thor, both intermediate-range ballistic missiles, a former Pentagon assistant secretary could place part of the blame directly on Congress. He pointed out that three companies in California had major contracts for production of the Thor, and that the Jupiter was being designed at the Army's Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, while the contract for production of the Jupiter had been given to the Chrysler Corporation in Detroit. "If the Defense Department suggested canceling the Air Force's Thor program," he said, "a Congressional delegation from California would be down our necks. And elimination of the Army Jupiter program would have half the Alabama delegation plus a couple of representatives from the Detroit area fighting us."

### 'This Program Has a Philosophy'

Although the Pentagon's public-relations strategists concentrate their fire heavily on Congress, they do not ignore the general public, which certainly has a legitimate interest in how some $40 billion in tax funds are spent each year on national defense. But sometimes the public-information officers go pretty far.

Several months ago, for example, the Air Force issued an "Information Services Program" to its own public-information officers. "This program has a philosophy," the five-page document read. "It *has no intention of merely passing out information. Flooding the public with facts is very helpful. But facts, facts and more facts are quite useless unless they implant logical conclusions.* Facts must be convincing, demonstrated, living salesmen of practical benefits. *These are the only kind of facts that mold opinion and channel the vibrant tensions of public thinking; always deciding issues in the end, altering military policy as surely as defeat in war—they make public opinion the most powerful tool of all, more powerful even than war itself.*" (The italics are underlined in the original typescript.)

The fight for service publicity even extends to Hollywood, where most of the films concerning the military are made "in co-operation with" the service involved, the service providing the necessary equipment and in return receiving certain powers of censorship over the script. In recent memory, Hollywood has made only two military motion pictures without such service co-operation, and in both cases it was the Army that refused to participate. One of the films, *Attack,* depicted a cowardly Army captain, while the second, *Men in War,* showed a sergeant attacking a sadistic officer. "Hollywood regularly produces Technicolor films that are great propaganda for the Air Force and the Navy," an Army P.I.O. spokesman has complained, "but we just don't get the same treatment. After all," he added, "they can do without Army co-operation simply by going out and buying a few rifles. But they can't afford to buy their own B-52s or their own aircraft carriers."

Even comic strips are involved in the battle. The Air Force has paid special tributes to Milton Caniff, the originator of "Terry and the Pirates," and current producer of "Steve Canyon," an equally pro-Air Force strip. The Navy has done the same for the creator of "Buzz Sawyer," whose hero is a Naval Aviation officer. But again, the Army is out in the cold. "All we ever seem to get," one Army officer has said, "is left-footed recruits like 'Beetle Bailey' or sharpies like 'Sergeant Bilko.'"

The Army, Navy, and Air Force public-information offices encourage



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all officers in their branches to write for national magazines, but they insist that such writing be favorable to the service in question. In 1955, for example, when a Navy captain wrote an article for the *Saturday Evening Post* describing the tragic sinking of the cruiser *Indianapolis* some ten years earlier, the Navy public-information officer permitted the story to be printed only after the *Post* had protested to the Secretary of Defense. In the meantime, the Navy's acting chief of information had written the author refusing clearance of the article on the ground that it would "bring to the attention of young men between the ages of 17, 18, 19, and 20 who might be contemplating enlisting, this episode which, perhaps at the time it occurred, they were too young to have known about."

### The Organization Men

The Secretary of Defense naturally has no control over the various civilian organizations that support the Army, Navy, and Air Force. Foremost among these outspoken champions of the services are the Air Force Association, the Army Association, and the Navy League. Of the three, the Air Force Association is both the largest and the most active. Founded in 1946, it now has more than 52,000 members, 125 community organizations, and some 300 "affiliates" in the form of industrial firms that pay $350 in annual dues. More than forty people are employed in the AFA's Washington headquarters, just around the corner from the White House.

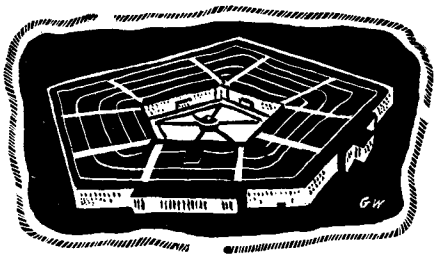
None of these groups maintain registered lobbyists in Washington. A pamphlet issued by an affiliate of the Navy League, however, states that one of its purposes is to "assist in keeping members of Congress from each locality informed on matters involving naval affairs and interests." And one of the Air Force Association's several attractive recruiting brochures states, "AFA has the information that legislators and policymakers need . . . They turn naturally to AFA for this help because the ideas that AFA backs have won national recognition."

To win such national recognition, the AFA, according to its brochure, "sponsors joint Air Force-industry conferences," holds an annual "Convention and Airpower Panorama," and "works with Hollywood on spectaculars and with teachers in one-room schoolhouses." It also puts out a monthly magazine, *Air Force,* which currently averages more than sixty pages of advertising from present and potential Air Force contractors.

The Army Association and the Navy League, of course, engage in many of the same activities, but rarely on such a grand scale. The Army Association also puts out a monthly magazine, but it averages less than twenty pages of advertising per issue. And the Navy League is still plodding along with a quarterly journal with no advertising.

Much as a service may appreciate the encouragement of its own booster associations, each derives much more powerful civilian support from the vast segments of private industry now engaged in defense production.

The Army has long been ordering tanks and trucks from the automotive industry, and Detroit has often seen fit to put in a kind word for the Army. In a recent announcement boasting of the Jupiter missile Chrysler is producing, the manufac-



turers added that "we are proud to have participated in this accomplishment of the U.S. Army." The Navy has always had its supporters among the private shipbuilding companies.

But in general the Army and Navy prime contracts are spread out among many companies in different industries, while the bulk of all Air Force contracts go to one segment of the economy, the aircraft industry. According to Senator Goldwater, "The aircraft industry has probably done more to promote the Air Force that the Air Force has done itself."

The aircraft industry is much more dependent upon the military establishment than either the automotive or shipbuilding industries. Of the $9.5 billion worth of products that American aviation manufacturers sold in 1956, about $8 billion worth went to the Department of Defense, and the Air Force accounted for most of this total. It is a rare aircraft company that doesn't include a retired Air Force general among its executives.

Aviation manufacturers have banded together in an Aircraft Industries Association, with headquarters in Washington. It has an annual budget of about $1,500,000 and a staff of sixty, including a registered lobbyist and several specialists in public relations. As the A.I.A. itself has pointed out, the relationship between its member companies and the Air Force "goes far beyond the normal business dealings of buyer and seller."

Because the United States Navy maintains the third largest air force in the world—behind only the U.S. and Russian Air Forces—the A.I.A. is extremely careful about criticizing the Navy. But it has been less reserved when dealing with the Army. For one thing, the aircraft industry has shown little sympathy for the Army's habit of granting missile contracts to members of the automobile industry, such as Chrysler. By next year, the A.I.A. has estimated, about thirty-five per cent of all military aircraft procurement will go for missiles. The A.I.A. has pointed out that "with a decline in production of manned aircraft in the past few years, it is imperative that this industry replace this business with pilotless aircraft."

Moreover, while the Air Force and the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics award all but the most theoretical research and development contracts to private industry, the Army has been inclined to stick by its traditional arsenal system, according to which development of such missiles as the Jupiter is done at the Army's own Redstone Arsenal in Alabama, only the contract for production being given to industry.

The Army has argued that the arsenal system gives it a "yardstick" by which to judge the cost figures submitted by private firms working on research and development con-



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tracts. The Aircraft Industries Association has waged a vigorous campaign against this "in-house" system, arguing that the "intensive competition" in private industry "produces missiles better and cheaper than can government arsenals." Whether the A.I.A. is winning the battle or not, it is at least interesting to note that in March the Army announced that the "multi-million dollar" contract for developing its solid-fuel Pershing missile had been awarded to the Martin Company of Baltimore.

### 'An Apogee of Four Feet'

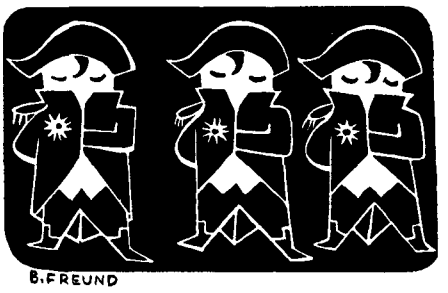
Industrial firms sometimes find themselves deeply involved in interservice disputes. Indeed, it sometimes almost looks as if they are stirring them up. Their advertising campaigns boasting of the missile work they are doing for one service or another have more than once fanned smoldering resentments within the Pentagon.

Less than two weeks after the Army had succeeded in placing America's first satellite in orbit, for example, the Chrysler Corporation ran a full-page advertisement in a number of national magazines trumpeting the Jupiter C's triumph. In bold letters, the ad proclaimed: "First Redstone . . . Then Jupiter . . . Now Jupiter C." When this ad appeared in mid-February, Air Force officers were furious. "Even the name 'Jupiter C' was just a sneaky trick," one has since asserted. "The Army was trying to make it look as if they had developed a third-generation Jupiter," he added, "but there never was any Jupiter B, and the so-called Jupiter C which fired the satellite was actually nothing more than an old Redstone, which in turn is little more than a souped-up German V-2."

Although the Air Force officially said nothing, it got its revenge two weeks later when Douglas Aircraft, which has the prime contract for development of the Air Force's rival Thor missile, ran a two-page ad in most of the same publications. The ad proclaimed that the "Giant Air Force THOR" was "already in mass production."

Only at this point did the men in uniform speak up publicly. On February 26, Major General John P. Daley, the Army's Director of Special Weapons, bitterly asked the press if it was "possible to have 'missile production' before you have a missile with demonstrated capacity to deliver a usable warhead to a selected target." In an obvious allusion to a recent failure of the Thor, Daley spoke of a missile with "an apogee of four feet."

The Air Force counterattacked the same day, breaking a later release date imposed by the Defense Department and "leaking" to the New York *Times* a vast new Air Force project—dubbed Minute Man—for the development of a family of solid-fuel missiles. In the same salvo, the Air Force's "secret presentation" took aim at the Navy's Polaris, which is also a solid-fuel missile. Because submarines that would serve as launching platforms for the Polaris cost at least $85 million each, the Air Force claimed it could launch sixteen hundred Minute Man missiles for the same cost that the Navy could fire a maximum of sixty-four of its own Polaris missiles.




This, in turn, sent the Navy to the public-relations battle stations, arguing that the Polaris would be operational in about two years, while production of Minute Man missiles was at least five years away. The Navy also pointed out that the Air Force's Minute Man missiles would be fired from "fixed bases, which would also become fixed targets for the enemy," as opposed to the mobile Polaris system.

Thus a publicity contest between two corporations has now involved the uniformed personnel of all three services.

But since the Army, Navy, and Air Force are all currently developing and producing missiles, the aircraft industry has become less and less vehement in supporting purely Air Force views. Douglas Aircraft has contracts for work on one Air Force, two Navy, and three Army missiles; most of the other big companies hold missile contracts from more than one of the services. As a colonel in the Air Force Legislative Liaison Office reluctantly admits, "The aircraft industry just isn't likely to be as good a source for lobbying as it was two years ago."

The days may very well be ending when Barry Goldwater can urge an Air War College audience to "tap the vast reservoir of experienced public-relations men who are connected with the aviation industry and . . . enjoy the fruits of the large amounts of money spent by this industry to promote their aircraft, and, at the same time, airpower."

Under the pressure of the President's reorganization proposals, the next major outburst may come from the Navy. A Navy commander in the public information office has said, "We knew this was coming, and this time we've done our work in advance."

That work started many weeks ago. When Defense Secretary McElroy appointed former Army General Alfred M. Gruenther to his special group studying military reorganization, a high Naval officer promptly went through *The Forrestal Diaries,* compiling a ten-page, single-spaced document consisting of twenty-seven excerpts chosen to demonstrate Gruenther's prejudice against the Navy.

And so it goes. It seems highly unlikely that even President Eisenhower will be able to put an effective stop once and for all to the "publicity and influence campaigns in which each service claims superiority over the others." It is not only unlikely but, within certain limits, undesirable. The advocates of the three services as well as the champions of greater unification have both the right and the obligation to continue the debate and to provide Congress, the public, and the press with what they consider relevant information. But after listening to all the claims and counterclaims, Congress, the public, and the press have an even more important right and obligation: to weigh them against the interests of the nation as a whole.



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# A Revolution Fades Away In Padangpanjang

DENIS WARNER

PADANG

THE Revolutionary Government of Indonesia waited with surprising serenity at its inland headquarters of Padangpanjang for the Central Government's invasion of the seacoast town of Padang, thirty-three miles to the southeast. Instead of the lusty impetuousness, the virility, the do-or-die determination that might have been expected in the closing stages even of a revolution as young and as unsuccessful as this, there was a curious air of detachment, a feeling that almost everyone there, whatever his function, was a spectator of, rather than a participant in, a disaster all knew to be inevitable.

In a truly military sense Padang no longer mattered very much. The rebels had no planes to land on the drum-scattered surface of its airfield. Jakarta's gunboats had closed the port, and at least half of the city's 250,000 inhabitants, mostly shopkeepers and traders supplying the needs of all those who live through the lonely mountains and along the Indian Ocean coastline of Sumatra, had fled.

If nothing else, however, Padang, birthplace of the revolution, was still its symbol. But when it became apparent that even for this there would be no fight, there was no longer any doubt that the revolution was over. On April 17, Padang fell.

### 'One of My Troubles . . .'

From his sparsely furnished room in Padangpanjang's town hall, Dr. Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, the forty-six-year-old rebel prime minister, conducted his government in the manner of a highly respectable business executive facing the liquidation of his company by an unscrupulous and much richer competitor. His keen analysis of the revolution's prospects can have given him little cause for cheer, but only once in the course of a long and detailed talk I had with him one day did he show anything of the strain and frustrations under which he was working. A subordinate had placed a paper on his desk and Sjafruddin, having glanced at it, sighed and, rubbing his hand over his forehead, said: "One of my troubles is that I'm not accustomed to dealing with second-class people."

At the highest levels of the revolution, Sjafruddin's men were far from second class. They were able and sometimes even inspired, though their blunders, one may now safely write with hindsight, were monumental. But between the cabinet ministers and what ought to have been the executive branches of the Revolutionary Government was a gap that no amount of inspiration could bridge. So infrequently were orders translated into action that the handful of outside observers, all newspaper correspondents, who spent any time with the rebels sometimes wondered whether there really was a revolution. Though everyone knew that an attack by Jakarta was imminent and that the rebels had neither the weapons nor the troops to hold it off, no one seemed concerned with even the elementary requirements of defense and security. The beaches at Padang were not mined and the airfield was wide open for paratroop attack. There were no roadblocks, check points, defensive positions, or any other apparent impediment to movement, friendly or hostile, on the entire sixty-mile length of road connecting Padang, Padangpanjang, and Bukittinggi. Light blazed cheerfully in the towns and villages at night, and after dark everyone liked to go home to their families, and to congratulate each other next day that the paratroops hadn't come yet.

By the sides of the main road, handsome Menangkabau women winnowed the rice harvest and put the husks to dry on huge green banana leaves. Water wheels turned, as they had for centuries past, to irrigate the new season's crop in the fertile little valleys between the mountains, and slow-moving buffalo plodded along, drawing the farmers' wagons with their high, curved roofs to the markets.

To remark on this peaceful scene was to invite rebuke. It was not a time, we were told, for strenuous activity. For this was, after all, the holy month of Ramadan, and the fasting period from sunrise to sunset each day was not only strictly observed but served as an excuse for inactivity. The fasting would end, it was said, when the paratroopers landed on the airfield and the amphibious forces seized the beaches. Indeed, there was more talk of fasting and of going into the mountains than of fighting, though Bukittinggi and Padangpanjang were already deep in the mountains and protected by a succession of easily defended passes.

### A Civil Civil War

One did not need to stay very long with the rebels to realize that theirs was a new type of revolution. The well-tried formula that calls for swift action against the center, the liquidation, by persuasion or otherwise, of the ruling political clique, the seizure of communication centers, police barracks, and military headquarters, and, finally, the proclamation of a new but never a rival government had been discarded in favor of something that was Indonesian in character. Yet it was still something of a shock to discover that from the outset, and even when final disaster threatened, the rebels relied more on force of argument than on force of arms.

This explains some of the early reverses, at Pakanbaru, for instance, where four hundred Central Government paratroopers ousted a Central Sumatran battalion, and the even



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## TOPOLSKI's CHRONICLE

# *Indonesia*

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more perplexing minor incidents that prompted some correspondents to label the revolution "phony."

There was the case, for example, of the Central Government corvette that had come to shell Padang's shore batteries and whose captain was wounded by a lucky shot from the rebels' two-pounders. Since there was no doctor aboard the corvette, the captain promptly lowered a boat, came ashore in Padang for medical treatment, and then returned to his ship. When Padang needed serum for an epidemic of rabies, it called up Jakarta and asked for supplies, which were promptly dropped into the town by a Central Government plane.

EVEN ON THE RARE occasions when serious fighting did occur, there was no inclination on either side to make heroes out of its men. Thus a Central Sumatran spokesman pleaded for anonymity for a rebel captain who had both directed the fire that struck the corvette off Padang and led the attack that halted, temporarily, the Central Government drive toward Kilianjaro, vital junction on the Bukittinggi-Palembang road and at that time the rebels' last link with the outside world. "The navy wouldn't like it,"

the spokesman said, "and besides, a lot of people were killed in the fighting on the road."

Thus the civil war proceeded along its uncommonly civil way. The opportunity had not existed for a conventional revolution designed to seize the center in Jakarta. Outmanned and outgunned, with a force based around a nucleus of five trained battalions and perhaps seven thousand partly trained recruits, with no air force and no navy, the rebels also knew that they could not match the Central Government if the revolution by ill chance should become a war.

Sjafruddin, therefore, counted on winning military strength over to his side by demonstrating political and economic power. His object was to establish a firm base in Sumatra, to ally this with the friendly forces led by Colonel Ventje Sumual in Celebes, then to force President Sukarno, by economic and political pressure, to negotiate with Dr. Mohammed Hatta and the Sultan of Jogjakarta. Sjafruddin wanted a Central Government that would limit itself to the administration only of those affairs relating to defense, foreign policy, finance, inter-island communications, the judiciary, university education, and the general problem of supervising and co-ordinating activities between the widely separated regions.

This program sought to capture the support of all regions whose grievances against the central administration had been long standing and which first found expression in the creation of regional councils: the Banteng Council in Padang, the Garuda Council in South Sumatra, and the Permesta Council in Celebes. The councils, though operating independently, had a common objective: to put pressure on the Central Government in order to bring about administrative and economic changes similar to those ultimately proposed by the Revolutionary Government.

In by-passing Jakarta and instituting their own barter programs, the councils succeeded in embarrassing Jakarta economically, but their political impact was negligible. The resignation of Dr. Hatta as vice-president seemed to reflect a clear-cut victory for the left-wing groups most feared by the much more conservative Moslems and Christians of the outer regions.

The almost phenomenal growth of the Communist Party in Java and President Sukarno's concept of "guided democracy," together with his proposal to include the Communists in the government, not only brought about a further deterioration in relations between the Central Government and the provinces but also caused the councils to look upon themselves as autonomous governments prepared to accept only the minimum interference in their affairs. Their distrust of Jakarta became intensified. They regarded the state visit of Marshal Voroshilov on the eve of the municipal elections in Java last year as a deliberate move by the president to strengthen the Communists' position, and directly attributed much of the party's thirty-five per cent vote in these elections to his influence.

### 'Shareholders' of the State

Along with the political and economic split went a split in the army. This was a natural corollary to the regional-central dispute. The foundations of the modern Indonesian Army were laid by the Japanese during the Second World War, when the Indonesian archipelago was divided into three separate administrations: Sumatra was under the control of Singapore; Java under the army; and the eastern islands under the navy. In the absence of any central control from Batavia (now Jakarta), the Japanese recruited and trained troops locally; these troops formed the nucleus of the "people's armies" that fought effectively against the Dutch and, having become firmly established, began to share the responsibility for the administration of the



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provinces. The post-independence creation of seven Indonesian territorial divisions co-ordinated by the high command in Jakarta was *de facto* recognition of the regional military leaders' role not only as executive agents but also as "shareholders" of the state, with special obligations toward the troops and the people in their own areas.

As REGIONAL opposition to Jakarta grew more intense, many of the young rebel colonels warned of the dangers in the provinces. President Sukarno and Major General A. H. Nasution, the chief of staff and himself a Sumatran, heeded the warnings but not the advice that went with them. Nasution, a non-Communist but, according to the rebels, highly ambitious, disapproved strongly of the political activities of the regional commanders and what he regarded as incipient warlordism, and he willingly subscribed to the proclamation of a state of war and emergency last year.

Instead of curbing the autonomous tendencies of the provinces and strengthening the control of the center, however, the proclamation had a contrary effect. The territorial commanders now became the official military administrators of their regions, with formal jurisdiction over the affairs of the provinces. Since they were certain that the primary purpose of the new regulations was to pave the way for Sukarno's "guided democracy," they now quite openly acted against the wishes of both the government and the high command.

Then last September, when the President sought to outmaneuver the dissidents at a national conference, the colonels, who had hitherto been suspicious of each other as well as of Jakarta, met first at Palembang, in southeastern Sumatra, to draw up their own charter. Thus prepared, they presented the government with a policy calling for the immediate return of Dr. Hatta to the top bracket of state leadership, the replacement of the Army high command, a decentralized form of government, the establishment of a senate, and the prohibition of Communism.

The national conference ended inconclusively with platitudinous statements by both Sukarno and Hatta that failed to satisfy the dissidents. A week later, the Sumatran colonels met at Padang, and immediately thereafter Colonel Barlian, the Central Government's South Sumatran commander, and Colonel Achmad Hussein, rebel commander in Central Sumatra, set out for Celebes to bring Colonel Ventje Sumual, the territorial commander there, in line with their latest views. What they wanted, in essence, was that the decisions taken earlier at Palembang should become the basis of a national anti-Communist front.

### An Ultimatum that Failed

Partly because of its remoteness, partly because of its historic role as a center of resistance, and partly because of the inhabitants' contribution to Indonesian leadership and culture, the Padangpanjang-Padang-Bukittinggi area became the Revolutionary Government's headquarters. Army officers such as Colonel Dhalan Djambek, former military attaché in London, gravitated toward Padang and were joined there by civil and political leaders of national and international stature. These included Sjafruddin, who resigned from his post as governor of the Bank of Indonesia; Mohammed Natsir, chairman of the Masjumi Party and a former prime minister; and Dr. Burhanuddin Harahap, who had led the "caretaker" government just before the national elections in 1955 and had worked heroically to clean up the corruption left by Ali Sastraomidjojo's first administration.

On February 10, with the promise of much support in Sumatra and Celebes and with high hopes even in Java, the Revolutionary Council at Padang issued a Charter in Defense of Freedom and Justice, and called on President Sukarno, then on a holiday in Japan, to dismiss the Djuanda cabinet within five days, to appoint Dr. Hatta and the Sultan of Jogjakarta to form a national cabinet of experts, and to disband the national council.

Jakarta responded immediately. It rejected the ultimatum, dishonorably discharged the dissident colonels, and announced that Central Sumatra would be blockaded. By the time the ultimatum expired, the Central Government had regained the initiative, and did not lose it thereafter.

General Nasution proved himself an extremely able staff officer. He moved first to cut the rebels' Strait of Malacca links with Singapore, and in a series of bloodless operations sealed off the east coast of Sumatra. He followed up with the capture of Pakanbaru and the oil installations through all of Central Sumatra. Then he advanced rapidly into the mountains, threatening rebel headquarters at Padang-



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panjang with a two-pronged drive across the Central Sumatran spine. If the fighting qualities of the Central Government's force remained untested, there was certainly no doubt about the high command's ability to move, reinforce, and supply substantial numbers of troops at short notice over considerable distances.

**Errors and Promises**

For the rebels almost nothing went right. During the past twenty years, the West has often been guilty of underestimating the military capacity of Asian forces, but this time Asian misjudged Asian. Not in their gloomiest moments had the Indonesian rebels expected to be subjected to such stiff military pressure. And while it is true that a really stubborn stand at any one of half a dozen points might have drastically altered Jakarta's plans and the course of events, the fundamental error lay in the rebels' belief that they had ample time to prepare for any military operations that might develop and that the Central Government's blockade would not prove effective.

Incredible as it may seem now, the rebels feared an administrative and budgetary blockade more than they worried about the naval blockade. They did not rule out the possibility of what was cheerfully described at the time as "physical pressure in the military sense," but they were more concerned about fifth-column activities. In any case, however, they attached the highest priority to financial and economic improvements in their own regions, to demonstrate that people fare better in areas under an anti-Communist régime.

Though this curious approach to winning a revolution without actually fighting may have been the worst of the rebels' blunders, there were many others. Indeed, if they had been able to put economic pressure on Jakarta instead of having to fight for their lives ("struggle for their existence" would be a better way of putting it), other factors might have helped toward victory. But as Jakarta's strength became obvious, promises of cooperation, freely given, were just as freely broken. Dr. Hatta chose to sit on the fence. The Sultan of Jogjakarta, a mystic, waited patiently for the proper revolutionary portent, the eruption of a volcano in Java. Colonel Barlian's solidarity in South Sumatra vaporized. Three battalions of troops in Achin found reasons not to honor their pledges, and in West Java, Colonel Zulkifli Lubis, reputedly the rebels' toughest officer and a former chief of army intelligence, found that it was impossible for him to rally support there even for significant diversionary action.

Colonel Hussein had little more success with his own forces. Before the revolution began he had accumulated a supply of infantry weapons, and unidentified planes dropped more later. On the eve of the Padang invasion the rebels still needed anti-aircraft guns, torpedo boats, coastal guns, fighter planes, and artillery, but on the platoon level they were well supplied. The real shortage lay not in weapons but in skilled and determined men. "We've got more light machine guns than the rest of the Indonesian Army," a disgruntled captain complained to me one day. "But in two weeks we'll have lost every major town in Sumatra."

In the streets of Bukittinggi, sergeants took schoolboy recruits in close-order drill, marching them up and down until the youths must have been sick and tired of the revolution. But nowhere did I see anyone teaching them how to load and aim and fire a rifle or to strip a machine gun.

DENIED A VISA by the Central Government, I went to Padang on the Danish freighter *Bretagne*. On reflection now, her experiences seem typical of much that was futile in the revolution. As the first—and last—ship to run the blockade into Padang, the *Bretagne* was an important experiment. Behind her, already loaded, were other ships that would have followed if the venture had proved successful.

Almost everything went wrong. We could not make essential radio contact with the shore and, though our blacked-out run through the islands to the coast went off without a hitch, we were obliged to lie at anchor from just after midnight until nearly 10 A.M. The pilot was home asleep and had to be dragged from his bed and brought out to where we lay, eleven miles to the south and only two miles from shore—daylight activity that naturally brought the Central Government's watchdog corvette to the scene. The *Bretagne* had to make a dash for port under a reasonably accurate rain of shells, one of which chopped a hole through the bow just above the water line, while several others, all very near misses, caused minor damage to the superstructure.

Later, after the *Bretagne* had made a midnight bid to escape from Padang but had fallen into the hands of the waiting destroyer, the goods she had brought at such cost and risk lay heaped on the abandoned wharves because now there was no gasoline to move them.

SELDOM has there been assembled a group of rebels with better intentions than the little group around Sjafruddin. Nowhere are there more friendly and pleasant people than the Central Sumatrans. But good men, good intentions, and pleasant people do not necessarily make the best revolutionaries.

The real tragedy of all of this is that the situation the rebels set out to change is now infinitely worse for their failure. Inevitably the revolt tended to polarize international sympathies and Indonesian sympathy toward international blocs. The feeling in Jakarta, stronger now than ever, is that the Communist bloc is on its side, and the prospects for the moderate anti-Communist Masjumi Party, many of whose leaders (Sjafruddin, Harahap, Natsir) were identified with the revolt, must be considered bleak: its influence and that of other like-minded groups of Indonesians who did not openly commit themselves cannot be expected to amount to much in the predictable future. Meanwhile, the Indonesian government is going ahead with its Soviet-bloc arms purchases and will rely on long-term, low-interest Soviet credits to help it through the economic mess into which it has allowed itself to be directed by its Communist back-seat drivers.



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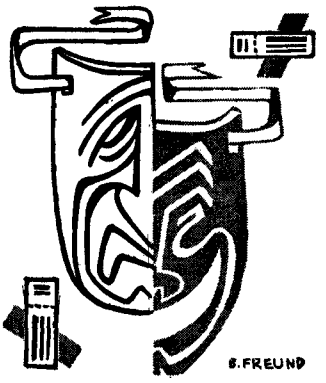
# *Good Guys, Bad Guys, And Congressman Walter*

**PAUL JACOBS**

IN THE OLD DAYS, life was comparatively simple in Hollywood. There were good guys and bad guys and everybody knew how to tell them apart. One infallible test was money. If you made it, you were automatically a good guy. And in the Western pictures, the settlers were the good guys, the Indians the bad ones, and the Cavalry could always be depended upon to arrive just in the nick of time. But now it's all very complicated. In today's Westerns the Indians are the good guys, and when they're bad it's usually because their sister was molested by a drunken trader or because some crazy Army colonel from Ohio has to prove to his rich New England wife that he's really as brave as her dead brother and so he breaks the peace treaty by massacring a whole Indian village, thus changing the young son of the chief from a decent potential all-American quarterback into a vengeful warlock specializing in the collection of crew-cut heads.

IN POLITICS, too, life was simpler in the old days. There wasn't any. But then the Communists came to Hollywood and starlets boycotted Japan by wearing lisle stockings to attend poolside folk-singing festivals, and everything started to get complicated. After the Second World War, the movie industry made up new rules, and for ten years, until 1957, the bad guys were the Communists and the good guys everybody else. The House Un-American Activities Committee became the U.S. Cavalry, saving the nation from the clever wiles of the Hollywood Ten, who allegedly had tried to sneak their propaganda into such pictures of social significance as *The Invisible Man Returns, Forever Amber,* and *Kitty Foyle.*

After 1947, if a Communist bad guy wanted to become a good guy, he had to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee, say he'd been a bad guy but that he hadn't known any better, and then give the committee the names of all the other bad guys who'd been in his gang. Then he got to be a good guy again and could get a job.




But if he didn't give names, he remained a bad guy. It didn't matter if he was willing to talk freely about himself or if someone else from the gang had already identified all the other members—if a bad guy wanted to show he was really a good guy, he had to give names.

That's the way it was for about ten years and everybody understood the rules of the game pretty well, even though they were never written down. The movie industry was very, very strict about observing the rules except when they conflicted with the other rule about how nice it is to make money. In such cases of conflict, a script was bought from a bad guy, writing under an assumed name, for lots less than if the author's real name was used. In that way, the producers saved money, which, after all, is just as good as making it.

But 1957 turned out to be a tough year for the industry. First, business was terrible. Then came a couple of catastrophes. Michael Wilson, a blacklisted writer, was nominated for an Oscar and had to be declared ineligible; and, at the same time, people were saying that the Oscar awarded for the best original story, *The Brave One,* had been written by another bad guy under a phony name.

### 'Colonel' Walter Sounds Retreat

As if that wasn't enough, with business getting worse and worse all the time, up blew *l'affaire* Foreman. Carl Foreman, who had written and helped produce *High Noon* and some other highly successful movies, including, according to some reports, *The Bridge on the River Kwai,* had been identified as one of the bad guys, had been called before the Un-American Activities Committee in 1951, and had pleaded that variation of the "Amendment Game" known later as the "diminished Fifth." Foreman denied party membership at the time he testified but refused to discuss his previous activities. So from 1951 until 1956, he didn't work in Hollywood and moved to England instead.

Then, on August 8, 1956, Congressman Francis E. Walter, chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, suddenly switched, very briefly, from his role



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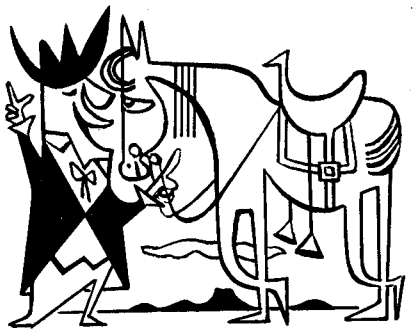


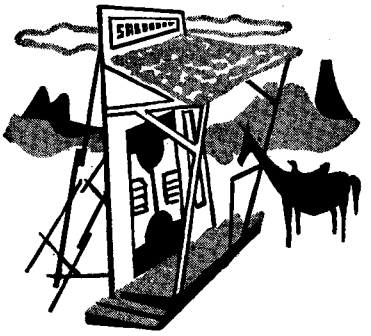
as the scourge of the immigrant to become a civil libertarian, helping to end the black market in blacklistees.

Earlier in 1956, Columbia Pictures had decided to change its English producing and distributing operations and wanted to hire Foreman to produce films there. But he hadn't taken the cure before the committee; and what's more, like many others in Hollywood who had once been Communists but had left the party, he was perfectly willing to talk about himself but unwilling to give the names of the others who had been in the party with him.

What to do? What to do? Here was Columbia looking for a capable man in England, and there in England was Foreman, a capable man looking for a job. The problem seemed insoluble until arrangements were made with Congressman Walter, who bravely stepped into the breach.

A contract was negotiated between Columbia and Foreman, conditional upon Foreman's making an appearance before the committee and not utilizing the Fifth Amendment. On August 8, Foreman and his attorney met in Washington with Chairman Walter and Richard Arens, committee director. The actual legal status of this meeting is still just a little confused, but at least it is certain that Foreman, his lawyer, Walter, Arens, and a stenographer were present. Arens maintains that he didn't even know the meeting with Foreman was scheduled until a few minutes before it took place. In fact, he said he didn't even know who Carl Foreman was when Congressman Walter called to inform him of the meeting. Hurriedly, Arens had Foreman's file brought to the office and read the record of his 1951 testimony.

All went well at the cozy meeting until Arens, evidently not well briefed on the "arrangements," asked Foreman about other party members. Since one of the reasons Foreman had utilized the "diminished Fifth" in 1951 was that he did not want to answer precisely this question, he refused Arens's request. This was a crucial moment. Just like in the Westerns, Cavalryman Arens, saber drawn, pistol cocked, was ready to attack the bad guy. But Congressman Walter, the colonel, the implacable foe of immigrants, fellow travelers, foreigners, Communists, and bad guys, refused to order his brave one-man troop into battle. Instead, retreat was sounded



as the congressman upheld Foreman's refusal to give the names. Thus did Congressman Walter begin an assault upon a new enemy—the blacklist itself.

### To Horse, Vigilantes!

Foreman, his lawyer, and the studio all waited for some announcement to come from the committee covering the writer-producer's appearance. But nothing happened. Foreman's lawyer requested that the transcript be made public. Congressman Walter was in Europe at the time checking up on refugees, and the request was forwarded to him there. Still nothing happened.

Finally, evidently tired of waiting and anxious to get Foreman working, making movies and money, the studio issued a statement which was carried in the Hollywood trade papers on March 11, 1957, to the effect that Foreman would produce four pictures for Columbia in England. The carefully worded announcement said that although Foreman had invoked the Fifth Amendment in his 1951 appearance before the Un-American Activities Committee, he had been "granted an opportunity to appear again before the Committee in executive session and testified without recourse to the Fifth Amendment."

Well, it wasn't but a few days before the word got out that Foreman's testimony had *not* included what had previously been a No. 1 essential—the names. Phones rang in offices and next to barbecue pits all over Hollywood. It was clear that law and order had broken down and that the Cavalry could no longer be depended upon. It was apparent that it was time for a vigilante posse to ride again.

Three days later, on March 14, Mike Connelly, a columnist for the *Hollywood Reporter* and posse annalist, wrote in his column that the "House Un-American Activities Committee plans holding executive sessions to probe a report that one of its members received money to clear a show-business personality of suspicions of being a Red."

MEANWHILE, back at the ranch, other members of the committee were being contacted by members of the posse. The Veterans of Foreign Wars, ever alert, made inquiries of Congressman Walter and on April 1, its publication *Guardpost for Freedom* stated that the congressman, in reply, had indicated "(1) There had been no formal hearing. Foreman had merely testified at a staff consultation—and it was 'unfortunate' that a release had been issued which created the impression that (2) the Committee had 'cleared' Foreman and that (3) he had been a cooperative witness. . . ."

The V.F.W. also said that "it is clear from the chairman's reply that, as far as the Committee is concerned, Foreman stands today just where he stood in 1951 when, as an uncooperative witness, he invoked the Fifth Amendment."

Obviously anxious, if possible, to avoid putting any blame for the situation on Congressman Walter, hitherto one of its heroes, the V.F.W. instead attacked Columbia Pictures by pointing out in the same newsletter that Columbia "has not only issued a misleading statement about Foreman but, in hiring him despite the fact that he still has not



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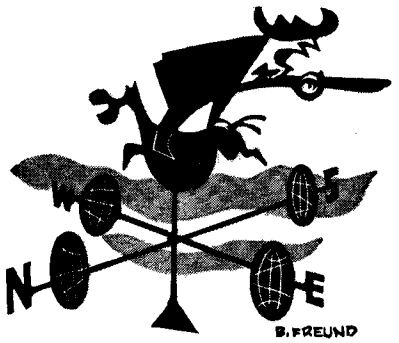
come clean, *it has broken the Hollywood ban on those who refuse to co-operate with duly authorized Congressional committees* in uncovering members of a conspiracy against the U.S.

"By doing so, it has encouraged those who may be called as witnesses in the future not to co-operate. If Foreman can get away with it, these people will reason, then they, too, may be able to protect Communists and still continue to make big money in the industry through deals with Columbia."

But in spite of the V.F.W., Columbia showed no signs of backing down from a showdown fight, and so the posse continued to ride.

On April 17, Godfrey P. Schmidt, president of AWARE, Inc., "An Organization to Combat the Communist Conspiracy in Entertainment-Communications and the Fine Arts," addressed a somewhat sorrowful "Open Letter" to the Un-American Activities Committee, pointing




out that Foreman had invoked the Fifth Amendment on the occasion of his previous appearance before the committee.

"Following the policy pursued by most elements in the film industry," states the open letter, "no American company has employed Foreman since 1951—at least openly—until the recent announcement by Columbia."

Almost painfully, the letter chides the committee with "It seems to AWARE that your Committee cannot let an erroneous impression of Foreman's status continue without further challenge. It would suggest that your Committee is setting a lower standard for Foreman than for the hundreds of others in like position who have appeared before you.

"It would mean a standard far lower than, for instance, that applied to playwright Arthur Miller, now under indictment for refusing to answer certain questions concerning Communist affiliations; and than that applied to the three stage personalities more recently indicted for contempt arising from their refusal to be 'satisfactory' witnesses before your Committee in 1955: singer Pete Seeger and actors George Tyne and Elliot Sullivan.

"Even the illusion of a special standard for Foreman may well, in our view, undermine the fine work of your Committee and discourage truly repentant ex-Communists as well as the many anti-Communists who believe that a Communist record undenied and unrepudiated is a record of unchanged significance."

But in spite of the efforts of the V.F.W., the American Legion, and Godfrey Schmidt, the posse still had to turn back, its quarry lost in the hills. Columbia Pictures refused to back down from its contract. (After all, Foreman had lived up to his end of the bargain.) Congressman Walter made no public attack upon the studio for hiring Foreman, and slowly, one by one, the vigilantes, weary and discouraged, started dropping off to head home.

### Good Enough for 'Lolly' . . .

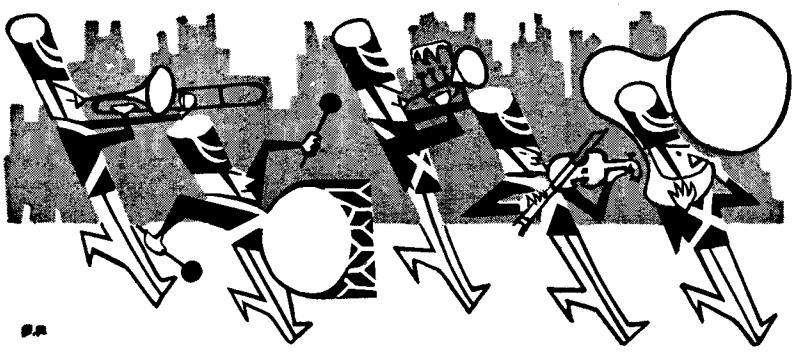
An end to the chase was clearly in sight when Louella Parsons, the Hollywood columnist for the Hearst newspapers and the International News Services, wrote on June 3 that "There has been so much talk about Carl Foreman never having been cleared of Un-American activities that I checked with Columbia Studios."

"Lolly" then pointed out that "I was sure Bill Holden would not have signed to co-star with Sophia Loren in 'Stella,' Foreman's first independent picture for Columbia, unless Foreman's record was clean. When the United States Government clears a man, that's good enough for me."

Finally, Congressman Walter spoke, contradicting what he was alleged to have written the V.F.W. He justified his attitude toward Foreman thus: "I wasn't interested in getting names from Foreman of people who had already been identified as Communists. I wanted someone who could get up and tell what a sucker he'd been. I thought Foreman was the kind of important man we needed for this, and I think he did a service to the country in his testimony."

Since then, it's been comparatively quiet on the range. With movie jobs so scarce these days, lots of the other posse members don't have time any more for those gallops through the hills, hunting down the petition-signing rustlers and donation-making outlaws.

As for the studios, they're in such tough shape that if they thought they could turn a buck doing it, they might even hire Paul Robeson to sing in a musical written by Dalton Trumbo and produced by Adrian Scott. Slowly, the blacklist is being abandoned. One of these days, it might not just be the late, late, old, old movie on TV that features the writers, actors, producers, and directors who haven't worked for a long time. And probably none of this would have been possible without the co-operation of Francis Walter, who, for some reason, decided that he would change sides in one of the movie industry's epic chase scenes.





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# The March To Aldermaston

JOHN ROSSELLI

LONDON

"ENGLAND ARISE! The long dark night is over." So the loudspeaker voice called out, reverberating along a country road in Berkshire on Easter Monday. A column of men, women, and children headed by a tall black banner advanced along the road toward the shiny new town of Aldermaston, the site of Britain's Atomic Energy Research Establishment. It was the last day of the coldest Easter weekend in forty years; it was also the last day of the Aldermaston march, a fifty-mile trudge that a group of pacifists and left-wing Socialists had organized to demand that everyone should stop testing, using, or making nuclear weapons.

In the column, three thousand strong, there were blue-denimed students in beards or pony tails; there were middle-aged housewives in bright berets and shoes that were never meant for route marches, some of them wheeling children in perambulators; there were young men with a suspicious gift for chanting slogans; there was a retired colonel, a white-haired Quaker newspaperwoman, a debutante (famous in all the gossip columns) with blue eye shadow to match her jeans.

For four days, the march held the attention of a public whose anxiety over nuclear weapons is now a leading political issue. Along the road, women in their Sunday best clapped, a driver leaned out and shouted "Ostriches! Ostriches!," a boy held up a poster—"You March in Vain." Most people along the route remained silent but few ignored the marchers.

IT ALL BEGAN modestly enough before Christmas as the brain child of a pacifist group centered on Harold Steele, a retired poultry farmer with mild china-blue eyes who had offered (unsuccessfully) to go and be blown up in the first test of a British H-bomb. The original idea was that some fifty people, all devoted to Gandhi's principle of nonviolence, would walk from London to Aldermaston. By March the thing had snowballed. Talk of renouncing the bomb was in the air. Though the pacifists kept control to the last, left-wing Labour politicians moved in on an organizing committee that now had to plan for possibly thousands of marchers, for sleeping-bag space in schools and church halls along the route, and for a fleet of trucks to carry (among other supplies) that mainstay of all British expeditions, the tea urn.

The march itself fell into three phases. On the first day, Good Friday, it had an atmosphere only London can produce—a sort of gentle outing shot through with vaudeville. Of the four thousand who gathered in Trafalgar Square and then set out to walk eleven miles to the outskirts, many had no intention of going any farther. Mrs. Helen Jarvis, a lady with strong opinions on the iniquity of "state money," marched with a banner that read "Make H. Jarvis Premier." Some young Cockneys in bowler hats rocked and rolled enthusiastically in front of the Albert Memorial when the march halted for a picnic lunch: they were there as fans of the jazz band that played the march through West London. ("'Course I'm for peace," one of their girl friends said. "I dunno about these others, though.")

But already you could find the earnest mothers ("I've three children, that's why I'm here"); the teachers, some with outsize chips on their shoulders ("I'm carrying a pack here because my two brothers carried a pack on the Burma railway [where many prisoners of war died] and they didn't have cups of tea every four and a half miles"); the Quakers and other pacifists.

It was these people, not the rock-'n'-rollers, who stuck it out on Saturday and Sunday, when snow, rain, and cold thinned down the march to a number fluctuating between six hundred and a thousand. They held out at least as well as the "politicals"—left-wing Labour members, ex-Communists disillusioned over Hungary, vaguely but hotly radical seventeen-year-olds.

Outright Communists were not much in evidence until the last day, when, amid the confusion of the final rally in a field opposite the AEA buildings, some "peace" delegations and *Daily Worker* newsboys turned up who hadn't wasted much shoe leather on the roads. This may explain the one serious incident that marred the nonviolent purpose of the march—a short but, until the police stepped in, violent attack by a dozen men on a car that was broadcasting charges against the marchers of "bringing Budapest butchery to England" and "voting with their feet for Soviet imperialist domination."

THAT LAST DAY, Monday, brought back the jamboree, though not in its full London glory of beards and funny hats. Last-minute arrivals swelled the march to some three thousand, while a thousand or two more waited in the field. On the last mile past the AEA buildings—eerily empty behind their wire fence—the marchers were silent except for the burbling of children in perambulators. After that the rally was an anticlimax. Pastor Martin Niemöller, just over from Germany, ignored his hearers' damp, aching, and blistered feet and made a forty-minute oration. At the end, while the chairman was still crying "This is not the end, this is the beginning of a campaign," people were already streaming away to their busses and trains—and beds.

On the march they had agreed on almost nothing. Some were against all arms, some not; some wanted to give up the British bomb at once, some merely to negotiate with it and stop the spread of nuclear weapons to countries like France or Egypt; some were all for moral gestures, some wanted limited political action. The only thing they agreed on was that they had to do *something* about the bomb.



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# *Vodka Is the Curse Of the Workers' State*

**CHARLES W. THAYER**

A WAVE OF ALCOHOLISM has struck the Soviet Union and its satellites. In Czechoslovakia and Hungary, liquor consumption has risen by twenty-five per cent in the past few years; in Poland, consumption increased by forty per cent last year alone.

Khrushchev himself has sounded the alarm. "It is high time we faced up squarely to the problem of drunkenness," he told a meeting of White Russian farmers. He called for severe penalties against the many bootleggers who are setting up illegal stills throughout the countryside. He rebuked the state liquor industry for fulfilling its norms with too much enthusiasm, and for once blamed not Hollywood but the Soviet film industry for popularizing bibulous heroes.

To infer from these alarums that the Soviet régime is sitting on an explosive gin mill that is about to blow the system into oblivion would be, to quote Khrushchev again, expecting a shrimp to whistle. The Iron Curtain countries have enough policemen to cope with both the bootleggers and the drunks. But what doubtless disturbs the leaders in Moscow, Warsaw, and Prague much more is the apathy and disillusionment among their subjects, of which drinking is only the most conspicuous manifestation.

IT IS NOT only the weary, disheartened norm-ridden worker who is seeking relief through the bottle. Intellectuals, particularly writers and artists, frustrated perhaps by the censors' demands for "socialist realism," are with increasing frequency finding solace in drink. Some, like the famous novelist Alexander Fadeev, have committed suicide in fits of alcoholic depression. More recently, several prominent authors were expelled from the Writers' Union for habitual drunkenness. The same problem is afflicting the satellite writers, especially in Poland and Hungary. A recent Polish cartoon depicting a very drunken young man bears the caption: "Good Lord! And he's just started to be a writer!"

The Communist authorities are even more alarmed by the spectacular increase of drinking among young people than by drunken workers or intoxicated writers. "Alcohol is running in streams in the schools," says a writer in a Polish paper. According to an indignant Soviet mother, fathers are teaching their children to drink hard liquor at the age of four. A survey in Czech schools found only two out of 1,700 children who had never had a hard drink.

On my last journey to Russia it seemed that drunkenness had indeed become the order of the day—especially for the young people. By evening, in the back streets of Moscow you could count a stupefied body in the gutter of every block.

Some authorities blame youthful drinking on the miserable living conditions in workers' barracks, where boys live four bunks to one small room and have to hide their shoes under their pillows lest someone steal them. In these hostels any kind of entertainment after work is out of the question—except vodka.

A Polish doctor blames it on nerves. "People are overtired, nervous, disillusioned. They were driven to work too hard. We are ruled by nerves, nerves, nerves—and drink like sponges, fish."

Sheer boredom, however, seems the chief cause of drunkenness. "Boredom," says a Czech writer, "leads to drunkenness. . . . Liquor is the antidote to boredom." Another Czech complains: "For the majority of our people amusement is synonymous with getting drunk." A Polish writer describes how in France, England, Germany, and elsewhere in the West young boys can take their girls to dance halls. "But in Poland it is different. In summer the young worker can take his girl walking in the country; but in winter . . . downhearted, homeless, and shivering, they simply wander about the streets keeping themselves warm with a bottle of vodka from the boy's hip pocket."

To cope with the drunks, the Soviet police maintain their famous "sobering stations," where on holiday evenings a steady procession of Black Marias deposit those who have passed out in the streets. These stations are a distinct improvement over the methods of dealing with drunks when I first went to Russia. During the bitter winter of 1933-1934, I once found a man passed out in a heap of snow and hurried to tell the nearest policeman lest the drunk freeze to death. The policeman merely shrugged his shoulders. "I can't leave my beat," he said, and continued on his way. Now, twenty-odd years later, I was passing Sobering Station No. 3 in the Arbat District of Moscow one evening and went in to see how it worked.

### Taking the Cure

Policemen who wore white smocks over their uniforms and carried syringes, sponges, and stethoscopes were bustling about, gently guiding unsteady patients from one room to another and making entries in the reception book or questioning patients who had taken the treatment of steam baths and sleep.

A thin young man in a badly wrinkled suit, his face lobster-colored, stumbled dazedly out of a back room. A policeman nodded to an army colonel who was seated in the waiting room: "Your son," he said. As the officer rose, the young man started back, but his father took him by the arm and led him grimly out of the building.

Only then did the busy attendants notice me. Explaining politely that foreigners had to have the mayor's permission to inspect the station, they hustled me out the door.

The satellite countries have also set up sobering stations, and their press is constantly crying for more of them. However, sobering stations are not a remedy, they readily admit, but an unavoidable result of the recent binges.

New proposals for the control of



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alcoholism appear daily, especially in the Polish, Czech, and Hungarian press. A Polish doctor returning from a journey abroad has suggested that instead of denouncing Coca-Cola as the symbol of American imperialism, the Poles should start producing potable soft drinks—not "warm lemonade." "The most imperialistic Coca-Cola," he says, "is preferable to the most ideologically pure domestic vodka."

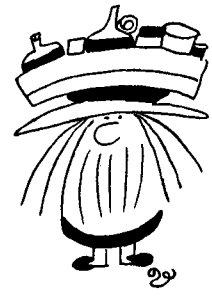
Social workers have suggested that habitual drunks be reported to and disciplined by their union bosses. When this was tried on an inmate of a sobering station recently, he expressed doubt that it would do much good: "You see, I *am* the union boss."

A Soviet doctor has proposed the foundation of a mass voluntary society to combat alcoholism, to be called "For a Healthy Life." The Polish government has tried making a surcharge of one zloty on every pint of vodka, to be used in a campaign against drinking. A skeptical cartoonist thereupon depicted a drunk hanging to a lamppost surrounded by empty bottles. "Today," the caption reads, "I contributed ten zlotys to the fight against alcohol."

### Mikoyan's 'Old Busthead'

As other more avowedly capitalistic governments have discovered, one complicating feature in the fight against alcohol is the revenue the trade produces. The Soviet government's vodka industry today produces nearly a billion and a half quarts annually. The cost of production is probably less than a dollar a quart. The retail price is about fourteen dollars, so that the profit to the government must run into many billions of rubles. When the price was recently raised twenty per cent, *Pravda* candidly announced that the added revenue would make up for the loss of income incurred by the abolition of Stalin's tax on bachelors and childless families—a six per cent supplementary income tax.

In most Iron Curtain countries the price of liquor has recently been raised by fifteen to twenty per cent to discourage drinking. But the Communists admit that price increases force down consumption only temporarily. Prohibition too, they have learned from experience, is no answer. When the First World War broke out, the Czarist government put a stop to all distilling of hard liquor. After the Revolution, the Bolshevik government continued prohibition for nearly eight years, but by that time the growth of the



illicit-liquor trade forced it to give up the experiment and go into the vodka business itself.

The father of the Soviet liquor industry is Anastas Mikoyan. After he took over as Commissar of the Food Supply Industry in the mid-1930's, Mikoyan spent several weeks in the United States studying American techniques. Much impressed by America's food advertising, he returned to Russia and plastered the highways around Moscow with billboards with such inscriptions as "Eat Sausage," "Drink Wine," "Smoke Cigarettes." Since then advertising has become more sophisticated, and now the long winter nights of Moscow are lit up with neon signs urging the populace to "Drink Armenian Wine and Brandy."

Advertising was not the only innovation introduced by Mikoyan. Under him, scientists developed methods of accelerating the aging of wines and liquors. The technical manager of a Soviet champagne factory in Rostov I visited said that he had cut the aging process for his product in half. There is reason to believe that in achieving this goal he had also doubled the intensity of the hangover produced.

Official Soviet statistics on per capita liquor consumption indicate that even today it is well below that in many other countries, including France, Germany, and the United States. However, the statistics do not include the moonshine produced by the illicit stills. Since at fourteen dollars a quart few collective farmers can afford Mikoyan's legally produced liquor, bootlegging, as Khrushchev complained, is flourishing in rural communities.

Khrushchev has insisted, "We must not let drinking become a sort of cult." Unfortunately it has been a cult for centuries, as every Slav government could testify. A Moscow doctor writing in *Izvestia* ruefully admitted that fathers often encourage their sons to drink so that they will grow up to be "real Russians" worthy of the fatherland's best drinking traditions.

It may be that Slavs consume less in the course of a year than some other races. The trouble is their weakness for crash programs. When fortune smiles and the occasion offers, their capacity to drink is Gargantuan. Then when the bottles are empty they are quite content to go on the wagon until the next windfall. When I was on an inspection trip of Polish army units in Central Asia with the late Andrei Vishinsky, there was an elaborate banquet at every camp but nothing between camps. For the foreign guests this was all right so long as the camps were close together. But then we had to travel for two days across the desert without a stop. When for the second time the lunch hour went by unobserved, the American officers present set up a howl that did not subside until some cold leftovers and warm beer were produced. Throughout the interval the Russian officers simply curled up and slept contentedly like hibernating bears.

KEEPING these traditions in mind, it would perhaps be unjust to blame Khrushchev and his colleagues for making alcoholics out of the Russians. Nevertheless there is a moving passage about the problem of alcoholism by Marx's closest collaborator, Engels, which the Soviet leaders must have read:

"The weary, disheartened worker comes home from work. He enters his drab, dreary, uncomfortable and filthy lodging. He desperately needs something to cheer him up, something to compensate for his work, something to make his drudgery seem worthwhile . . . he takes to drink . . . to forget for a few hours the misery of life. . . Under such circumstances one cannot blame the alcoholic. One must blame those who made him that way."



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# 'Great Recordings Of the Century'

ROLAND GELATT

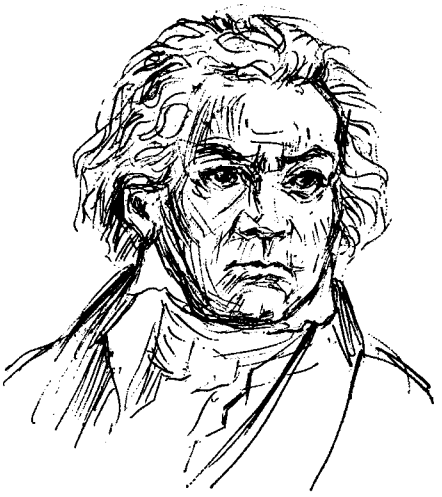
ALTHOUGH the allure of radio broadcasting and the 1929 economic upheaval combined to curtail drastically the demand for recorded music in America between the world wars, the gramophone industry abroad escaped relatively unscathed. In Europe, and especially in England, a core of affluent music lovers continued to pay for the finest possible recorded performances of standard and esoteric musical literature. And since pre-1939 production costs were extremely low, European record companies could build substantial catalogues with a profligate hand and still show a profit.

Included in those catalogues were some of the Olympian musical performances of the century. For years they provided the chief sustenance of record listeners throughout the world. In the last decade, however, the shift to LP and the wholesale realignment of international alliances governing exchange of record "rights" between companies here and abroad drove most of the prewar European recordings off the American market.

Now Angel Records is bringing some of them back in a series of reissues, to be issued singly, called "Great Recordings of the Century," and the first eleven records were released on May 5. Angel is the American outlet for Electric and Musical Industries, Ltd., a large British holding corporation that owns HMV, European Columbia, Parlophone-Odeon, and Pathé catalogues. As a result, Angel can draw upon vast archives dating all the way back to the 1902 Milan recordings of Caruso that, in effect, established the phonograph as a musical instrument. These "Great Recordings of the Century," of course, have been transferred from the old 78-r.p.m. speed to LP, and in the process have been rejuvenated as much as is electronically possible and musically desirable.

### Look Back in Angel

The performances they convey belong to a departed era and at times seem as quaintly unfashionable as a page out of *Godey's Lady's Book*. Fritz Kreisler's recording of the



Beethoven Violin Concerto made in 1936 with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Barbirolli (Angel COLH 11), for instance, captures a style of playing and an approach to music that has just about vanished from the concert platform. Many young virtuosos today can execute the solo part of the Beethoven Concerto a good deal more reliably than Kreisler, whose intonation and articulation were far from perfect. But Kreisler belonged to a school of musicians who did not lose sight of the forest for the trees. Although scamped runs and uncertain pitches occasionally blemish his playing, the elegant style and warm humanity of his interpretation throw momentary inaccuracies into insignificance. From the soloist's opening measures, delicious little portamentos and finely shaded rubatos proclaim Kreisler's vigorously individual musical personality—so different from the dead-pan, soulless self-effacement that is today's ideal. And as the concerto proceeds, one appreciates anew how masterfully Kreisler could link notes together in a long legato chain.

Another recording of enormous historical interest is Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto featuring the composer as soloist (COLH 34). Prokofiev recorded it in London (accompanied by the London Symphony under Piero Coppola) in 1932, a few years prior to his return to Russia and assumption of Soviet citizenship. Alfred Frankenstein has written that "no one who had the privilege of hearing Prokofiev at the keyboard will ever forget the colossal, shattering impact of his style. It was one major expression of the overwhelming gusto, the spouting, infectious joy of life which speaks through almost every note Prokofiev set down during the first twenty years of his career."

Those of us who did not enjoy that privilege can now have it vicariously through this recording, which unmistakably asserts the smiling radiance of Prokofiev's piano playing. Incidentally, anyone who believes that high fidelity was invented the day before yesterday should pay heed to this astonishing production of a quarter century ago. The concerto occupies one side of the LP; on the reverse is a collection of short piano pieces recorded by the composer in Paris—among them the well-known Gavotte, Op. 25, arranged for piano from the *Classical Symphony*, and imparted here with a genial impertinence that is seldom achieved by conductors.

THE Cortot-Thibaud-Casals Trio is represented by the Haydn Trio in G, Op. 73, No. 2, and the Schubert Trio in B flat, Op. 99 (COLH 12). People who value chamber music above all else are apt to speak of the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals group with almost mystical devotion, and for good reason. Seldom have spar-



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kling virtuosity, subtle musicianship, and intimate ensemble been welded so effectively. Celebrated instrumentalists, of course, have often banded together for the purpose of making chamber-music recordings, but usually they are assembled as a kind of super talent stunt and billed as "billion-dollar trios" or the like. The Cortot-Thibaud-Casals Trio was unusual in that its members originally gathered together while still in their twenties for the mere pleasure of playing chamber music. Thus, by the time they began to record—as mature musicians—they had been playing with each other for more than twenty years. The give-and-take, at once disciplined and free, that one hears in the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals recordings cannot be achieved in a matter of days or hours. The final movement of the Haydn trio is a good example of their brilliant dexterity; it is a rondo in the Hungarian manner, thrown off with feathery delicacy and sly wit. In the opening movement of the Schubert, the dialogue of cello and violin provides further illustrations of the buoyant elasticity that comes when sovereign musicians play in close rapport.

### A Schnabel for Schubertians

Schubertians have been particularly well treated by Angel Records, for the first batch of "Great Recordings of the Century" also includes Artur Schnabel's much prized and until now exceedingly rare performance of the B Flat Major Sonata (COLH 33), made in London in 1939. The reputation of Schnabel as a Beethoven interpreter has obscured his perhaps even greater affinity for the piano music of Schubert. Certainly no other recording of the B Flat Sonata in the current LP catalogue can compare with this one, which holds sweet lyricism and strong rhythmic propulsion in admirable balance. The performance as a whole is a compendium of Schnabel's accomplishments—the singing tone, the unerring sense of tempo, and the attentive concern for inner voices—that reaches its high point in the slow movement, a masterpiece of mood painting from the eerie, febrile opening to the tranquil sonorities of the final measures.

The Bach recordings in this new series of reissues are good but hardly

so outstanding as the others. A whole generation of music lovers grew up on the Brandenburg Concertos played by the Adolf Busch Chamber Orchestra (COLC 13 and 14), and the justice of Busch's tempos and the proficiency of his soloists seem just as admirable today as twenty years ago. Still, other more recent and full-bodied recordings of the Brandenburgs are as satisfying. Similarly, Edwin Fischer's rather romantic accounts of three Bach clavier concertos (COLH 15) are—for their style—of laudable sensitivity and musicality, though alternative versions of later vintage can be equally recommended. On the other hand, nothing has quite taken the place of Nadia Boulanger's *Music of Monteverdi* collection which she directed in Paris in 1937 (COLH 20)—not even Mme. Boulanger's own postwar LP of different Monteverdi madrigals.

### Chaliapin's Boris

Probably the most exciting records of all in this series are those devoted to singers, for nothing is more *sui generis*, more inimitable and irreplaceable, than the timbre and inflections of a great vocal artist. In the first release, three artists of strongly accented character are represented, each of whom created his or her own world of song: Feodor Chaliapin, Claudia Muzio, and Elisabeth Schumann.

The Chaliapin record (COLH 100) is given over to Russian opera, half of it to Boris Godunov, a role that the basso made his own so completely that all post-Chaliapin interpretations of it have had to be termed at best pale imitations of the original. Vincent Sheean has characterized Chaliapin's Boris as "so splendidly tragic, so augustly true and beautiful, that it left one at the end of the performance stricken with the awe of a religious experience." It is altogether remarkable how powerfully the dramatic impact of this magnificent singing actor is transmitted by the record. The murky, somber hallucinations of the Clock Scene ("Ah! I am stifling") are of a literally terrifying immediacy; Chaliapin had the ability to walk into a London recording studio on a sunny June afternoon and transform it instantly into a haunted recess of the Kremlin. The final scene of the opera is reproduced from discs taken at a Covent Garden performance in 1928. There are a number of astonishing bits of vocalism (most notably the long pianissimo, which seems to last an infinity, on the words *"ot iskushenii"*) and a death scene that is surely the most realistic operatic demise ever caught on a record.

Claudia Muzio was not identified with one role as closely as Chaliapin with Boris, but like him she had the highest regard for dramatic characterization. She responded with great sensitivity to the poetic evocations of a libretto, and in this respect was the Maria Callas of her day—though Muzio's voice had a warmer timbre and a more prismatic range of shadings than Callas's. Shortly before her early death in 1936, Muzio recorded thirty-two sides for the Italian Columbia label in Milan, and of these Angel has revived thirteen for reissue on LP (COLC 101). Included is her celebrated recording of *"Addio del passato"* from the last act of *Traviata* with its whispered, poignantly hopeless reading of Germont's letter and its lacerating, half-gasped final line, *"Ah, tutto, tutto fini."* The record also contains a *"Tacea la notte placida"* (from *Il Trovatore*) that is magically evocative of moonlit mystery, and an account of *"Si, mi chiamano Mimi"* by which, I believe, all others must be judged. To hear Muzio savor the line *"quelle cose che han nome poesia"* in the *Bohème* aria is to understand how exalted the singing



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of even the most familiar operatic chestnut can become in the hands of an imaginative artist. Many of these Muzio recordings were issued on LP several years ago by the American Columbia company, but the quality of the soprano's voice was sadly distorted in the process. Angel's engineers have done an altogether better job of transferring the originals to LP, though the "wow" in *"Pace, pace, mio Dio"* is still pretty fearful.

Elisabeth Schumann's record is given over to a selection of lieder by Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf (COLH 102), and it brings to light three recordings never previously published. Schumann was one of Strauss's favorite singers; he accompanied her often at recitals. It thus need hardly be said that her Strauss interpretations are of decided historical value as well as musical charm. But despite this, the glory of the record is the side devoted to Wolf. Schumann's voice seems almost to have been created expressly for the Wolf lieder. The gleaming purity of intonation, the soaring high notes, the clarity of her enunciation served the thorny demands of these songs with utter perfection. In *"In der Frühe"* the floating head tones on the words *"Freu dich!"* and the serene spinning out of the closing phrase, *"Morgenglocken wach geworden,"* are incredibly beautiful. The quiet intensity of *"Nun wandre, Maria,"* the flowing tenderness of *"Wie glänzt der helle Mond,"* are each in their separate ways breathtaking. With all due respect to the several ladies currently performing lieder, there is nothing like this to be heard in our recital halls today.

It is indeed tempting to start ruminating on the decline of musical standards when confronted with a collection such as Angel has just published. But it is well always to bear in mind that in reissues of this kind, the cards are stacked well in favor of the past. These recordings are the "classics," the peaks of musical achievement on discs, culled from among vast numbers of inferior, forgotten productions. Like all classics, they can serve us as useful touchstones. Angel Records deserves an expression of thanks for putting these performances back into circulation.

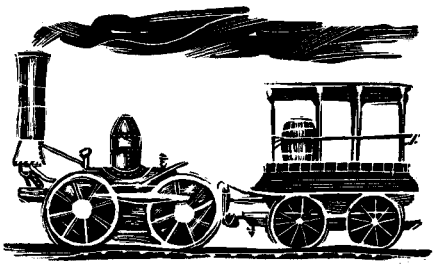
# *The Hardy Commuters Of Wilton, Connecticut*

**MARVIN BARRETT**

On the night of February 17-18, 1958, Train No. 538 of the New York, New Haven and Hartford earned itself a permanent place in the long, exasperating history of American commutation. Scheduled to leave Grand Central Terminal in New York City at 5:31 P.M., E.S.T., and arrive at Wilton, Connecticut, exactly two hours later, it finally deposited a frigid little band of suspected truants and fatalities at the Wilton station at 3:15 the following morning.

Wilton, which is forty miles from Manhattan, bases its right to be considered a commuting community principally on a single train—the Berkshire—which leaves Grand Central at 5:27 every weekday evening and ends its run at 10:03 in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. On the Berkshire's list of sixteen stops, Wilton is first—seventy-four minutes from midtown Manhattan. This is a long but not impossible distance to commute if one is willing to concede, as Wilton commuters do, that an almost unspoiled stretch of Connecticut countryside is worth a twelve-hour portal-to-portal day.

Apart from the Berkshire, the Wilton commutation picture is dreary. The 7:32 in the morning—the "reasonable" inbound train (eighty-four minutes to Grand Central)—is frequently late, and most other trains to and from Wilton require a transfer to the main line of the New Haven at Norwalk, Connecticut. The last evening train leaves New York at 7:02 and gets Wiltonians home, via bus, a little before nine.



Since the Second World War, however, thanks largely to the existence of the Berkshire, the band of Wilton commuters has increased from a few score to five hundred. Deteriorating farmhouses have been renovated, barns have been partitioned, floored, windowed, and given open hearths, and even a few ranch houses, split levels, and garrison colonials have sprouted in Wilton's rolling meadows, woodlands, and apple orchards.

### The Fateful Choice

On February 15 and 16, the northeastern United States experienced its worst storm of the season. Sixteen inches of fine, wind-driven snow fell on Wilton and a comparable amount on most other areas served by the New Haven Railroad. Temperatures, varying from five below to a few degrees above zero, were the coldest of the year. By Monday, February 17, the snow had stopped, and although morning trains from Wilton were erratic (the 7:32 arrived in Grand Central one hour and twenty minutes late), commuters hoped that with clearing weather things would improve.

But when returning Wiltonians began to arrive at Grand Central about 5 P.M., they faced a disheartening prospect. No train seemed to be on its proper track, and the Berkshire was not to be found anywhere.

From time to time, ominously inaudible announcements were made over the station's public-address system, but rumor and nervous inquiry established the fact that the Berkshire, due to leave Danbury, Connecticut, on its inbound trip at 9:46 A.M., was apparently still at least an hour away. The Wiltonians began looking for alternative means of transportation. There were two.

There was, of course, the 6:02—the next scheduled train with a Wilton connection. But there was also



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one that only sophisticated travelers would know about: the 5:31. This train, whose avowed destination was South Norwalk, actually retired briefly to a spur at that station to await the arrival of the 6:02 and then, darkened except for two central cars, chugged up a branch line through Wilton.

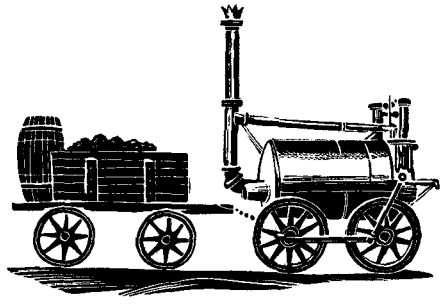
The 5:31 had an engine and was apparently ready to leave at any moment. The 6:02, although it had a bar car (the 5:31 didn't), had no engine. When it was learned that the engine assigned to the 5:31 had frozen pipes and would have to be reversed before connection with the cars could be made, it still seemed the preferable choice to a small, cagy group of veteran Wilton commuters. A series of scouting trips to the 6:02 further convinced them; that train, in addition to having no engine, had no more seats available.

The Wiltonians began to make themselves at home aboard the 5:31. Sanford Wolf and Julian Gregory were able to organize two bridge foursomes. Mrs. Wolf settled down with grim determination to James Gould Cozzens's *By Love Possessed,* half of which she had yet to read. Harvey Goslee opened the large attaché case he had stuffed with enough work for the evening and next morning's return trip and began reading and signing reports. Malcolm Irving did likewise. To eliminate any advantage that the 6:02 might seem to have over their chosen train, Hunt Brown was dispatched to get some whiskey, Dixie cups, a few bags of peanuts, and half a dozen packages of cheese crackers.

From time to time an agitation, like that of a rook-filled elm, rustled through the car and a few malcontents would jump up, hastily collect their coats, newspapers, and briefcases, and flap away. Rumors lapped against the Wiltonians—the 6:02 had finally got an engine, the Berkshire had arrived at long last and was reported turning around—but the bridge players had two games going, and furthermore there was liquor, reading material, and a subtle sense of superior knowledge, of being what might well be the chosen few who got home first. There was an instant of doubt when the report reached them that the 6:02 had, miraculously, departed. Soon, at 7:10, when their own train pulled out, the doubt was forgotten. The Berkshire was still in the station, and they all knew that any Wilton resident on the 6:02 would have to wait in the depressing, drafty eastbound New Haven station in Norwalk for the 5:31 to carry him to his destination. The five-thirty-oners were still ahead of the game.

WHAT the Wiltonians couldn't know, of course, was that at the very moment of the 5:31's departure, New Haven Train No. 338, due in Port Chester, New York, at 5:51 and more than an hour late, had discharged its last passengers and was limping into the Port Chester yards, where a second empty train, No. 246, rammed it from the rear, injuring the engineer and derailing two cars that blocked both outbound New Haven tracks between New York and Norwalk.

Minutes before, the 6:02 had passed Port Chester and was making its first stop at Noroton Heights,



Connecticut, when the 5:31 with its unaccustomed group of Wilton commuters ground to a halt just past the signal tower in Rye, New York, stopped by automatic signals two and a half miles short of the wreck.

As they sat there, three other trains came to a stop behind them. New Haven officials decided to back up all four trains and reroute them onto the inbound tracks—a process that would normally have had the boxed-in 5:31 out in a couple of hours. As the first to arrive, it would, of course, be the last to escape.

At Rye, however, another complication was added: the interlocking switches were frozen solid. All four trains would have to be backed the additional seven miles to the New Rochelle station before they could be diverted. Meanwhile, a total of twenty-one later outbound trains were being rerouted to the inbound tracks. This meant a further slowing up, since the Interstate Commerce Commission rules would allow only one outbound train at a time in the long stretch between New Rochelle and Port Chester. The 5:31 was obviously in for a long, long wait.

Inside the train, no one knew what was happening, nor could anyone find out. Mrs. Wolf was well into the final quarter of Cozzens's lengthy best-seller, and the bridge players' scores were almost double those totted up on a normal evening's play on the Berkshire. Mr. Goslee had finished the work allotted for the evening ride and was plowing into the next morning's.

Malcolm Irving looked out of his window and noticed a train pull up alongside and stop. To his dismay, he recognized a crewman and some familiar faces. It was the Berkshire. He grabbed his coat and briefcase, strode to the end of the car, and was on the point of making an illegal and highly hazardous leap from one train to the other when the Berkshire jerked forward. It stopped once more, briefly, and then, gathering speed, pulled off into the night. Irving stared after it through the mist of his breath.

### By 'Advertising Age' Possessed

Of the next few hours, the Wiltonians remember remarkably little. George Smith, a player in one of the two bridge games, places the final drink of whiskey with cheese crackers at the moment when the 5:31 backed for the second time through the Larchmont station on the Manhattan side of Rye. Sanford Wolf claims that he saw one pink neon sign advertising a Westchester dry-cleaning establishment pass forward and backward by his window at least a half dozen times. Ray Martin reports that somewhere in this interval, someone brought down from the luggage rack an apple pie he was taking home and, with a penknife, divided it among his fellow passengers.

Mrs. Wolf finished *By Love Possessed* and in desperation borrowed a copy of *Advertising Age* from one of her husband's bridge partners. Mr. Goslee, who was on a diet and had eaten rather sparingly at lunch, finished his paper work around mid-



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night and took out a well-chewed piece of gum he had sequestered earlier in a piece of Kleenex and began chewing it again.

One lady, not from Wilton, reported hysterically that she had seen the entire train crew trudging away through the snow, and for a long time the panic rumor of total desertion swept the cars. Two trainmen actually had descended—one to swing a protective light at the train's rear, the other to struggle through waist-deep drifts and climb the Rye signal tower for instructions.

At one moment in the five-hour vacuum, a Boston-New York express went by with its diner aglow, the last customers rising replete from their tables. One man on the 5:31 called out angrily, "Look at the self-satisfied bitch; she left a whole jar of mustard!" A little later George Smith, who is district manager of sales planning for American Airlines, informed his companions that if he had left La Guardia Field at the same time, he would now be in Los Angeles.

By that time, an icy cold had settled in the cars. Slowly the rear cars were deserted and the two bridge games moved forward car by car, propelled by the illusion that the closer they got to the engine, the warmer they would be.

### Cold Comfort

When the 5:31 finally pulled out of New Rochelle at 12:48, most of the passengers, many wrapped in newspapers, were packed shuddering in the forward cars.

At 1:11 they passed the site of the derailment in Port Chester; at 1:20 they arrived at Stamford, Connecticut, on any normal trip less than a half hour away from Wilton.

But instead of pressing forward, the New Haven, solicitous for the commuters' comfort and health, had arranged for them to be deflected to the Stamford yards, where a locomotive with a full boiler was standing ready to be coupled to the frigid cars. Unfortunately, it was discovered at the last minute that the line that was to deliver the steam to the freezing train was itself frozen.

Shortly after 2 A.M., the passengers were alerted to prepare to abandon the 5:31 and change to another train that would henceforth bear its name.

Plodding through the snow that buried the Stamford yards to a depth of two feet, they boarded four glistening and brilliantly lit cars, and by 2:31 were once more on their way.

THOSE WAITING in Wilton hadn't the slightest idea what had happened to their loved ones. Struggling out of snowbound Wilton driveways and through unplowed lanes, the wives and sons of the five-thirty-oners had met the Berkshire, which arrived hours late. No husbands, no fathers.

When the last train to Wilton had come and gone, frantic wives of the missing commuters began bombarding the New Haven and the Connecticut State Police for information. There wasn't anything to be learned. The Norwalk ticket office didn't answer and the New Haven office after 10 P.M. puts on an answering device that recommends to all callers that they try again in the morning.

Meanwhile, back on their glittering new train, the wayward Wiltonians continued to their destination. Blue with cold and nearly senseless with fatigue and hunger, they were faced with a drunk who had somehow slipped aboard the train in Stamford and was muttering and waving a bottle provocatively over his head in the forward car. The other passengers looked on with weary eyes as the head conductor, suddenly furious, wrested the liquor from him, shouting irrelevantly, "You're not going to drink on this train!" There was a scattered flurry of applause.

After the Darien stop, a slumbering main-line commuter suddenly woke to find that he had dozed beyond his station. His horrified car mates watched him as he collected his belongings and stumbled off the train at the dark, forbidding, taxiless station of Rowayton, with a five-mile walk ahead of him.

Beyond the South Norwalk station, where six hours before the 6:02 transferees had been picked up by the Berkshire and carried on to Wilton, the 5:31 had two more unscheduled stops to allow the brakeman to shepherd it through grade crossings unprotected at that hour. And finally, at 3:15, the five-thirty-oners debarked at Wilton station.

### Post Tempestam

What was the aftermath of what conductor Fred Beaupain labeled the worst experience in his fifty-one years of railroading? Surprisingly uneventful. The train crew, due to pull out of Danbury less than three hours after their arrival, bathed, changed their clothes, had breakfast, and left on time to pick up the first batch of Wilton commuters heading cityward.

As a matter of fact, some of the five-thirty-oners who had pressing business engagements or unsympathetic employers were on the 7:32 the next morning bound for New York. "Tiny" Malcolm Irving, usually a well-dispositioned man with the pippin cheeks and sturdy build of a Dickensian coachman, indulged himself to the extent of getting the 9:00 A.M. shuttle. He got as far as South Norwalk, but when he learned that inbound trains were already running an hour or more late he finally lost his temper, rushed through the tunnel to the outbound tracks, and swung aboard a train that took him back home.

There were a few letters of complaint addressed to the New Haven and the Public Service Commission, which were duly answered. But when the New York *World Telegram and Sun* published the erroneous report that the crewmen had deserted the train, an avalanche of mail and phone calls descended upon the paper defending the unjustly maligned New Haven employees and commending their loyalty and valor. On March 17, the Public Service Commission closed its files on the case, absolving the New Haven of any blame.

In the succeeding weeks, Wiltonians have apparently totally assimilated the experience. Only the Wolfs,



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who have no children and are both employed in Manhattan, have thought of moving back to the city for three months each winter. There is talk of forming a Fiasco Club and initiating an annual dinner dance to commemorate the date.

John Halsey has come to blame the whole experience on the New Deal, which to his mind originally weakened the railroads and made such things possible. Harvey Goslee and Ramon Chelminsky are deeply concerned for the New Haven's future. "Fifty years ago the railroads were considered horrible monsters. They could make or break a town," says Chelminski. "Now they are poor decrepit old tramps and they're still being regulated as if they were robber barons."

THE TRUTH is that many commuters of the Wiltonian stamp now dread good railroad service more than bad. Moving out of the city and nearby suburbs because of a passionate revulsion for urban life, they are pushing farther and farther to locations of only marginal accessibility in an effort to clear space around them and recapture the illusion of rural nineteenth-century life. In doing so they often defeat their own purpose: first, by imposing on themselves a killing transportation schedule roughly the equivalent to that of a Sicilian peasant who starts out with donkey and cart at dawn to the family landholding and doesn't return till sundown; second, in convincing others by their heroic example that such a schedule is not only endurable but even desirable.

Already Wiltonians are looking to the ridges of Redding, twenty to thirty minutes beyond their present locations, for a stretch of unspoiled countryside. As one disgruntled Wilton homesteader contends, "A town that has to worry about three- or four-acre zoning or fighting off industry is already halfway to perdition." The railroad seems to be their only hope.

L. Huntington Brown, Jr., probably best sums up the Wiltonians' philosophy and that of their embattled counterparts across the land: "The worse the service, the fewer the people to move out here. I'm in favor of bad service, though the 5:31 exceeded my highest hopes."

# *Exploring the Brain's Uncharted Realms*

**MAYA PINES**

WITH NEEDLE-THIN electrodes implanted in her brain, jutting out of her skull, and connected to a photocell, a young woman who had been blind eighteen years saw light for the first time recently in a Los Angeles hospital. In Montreal, a neurologist announced that the human memory worked like a movie film that could be played back at will by electrical stimulation of the brain. And at Yale, experimenters showed that monkeys with electrodes in their brains could be made to scratch their faces, cough, reject food, rotate their bodies, attack anyone in sight or—even more ominous—just as suddenly become meek.

This is the age of electronics in brain research. Thanks to new techniques based on the use of electrodes—fine steel wires about one-fourth the diameter of a human hair, whose tips can give minute electric shocks similar to the brain's normal elec-

trical impulses—neurophysiologists have located a variety of specialized centers in the brain: centers for sight, hearing, and physical movements, and, more recently, centers for pain, pleasure, memory, and certain emotions. As our technology improves, we can look forward to the day when human behavior may be modified, or even permanently changed, by electrical stimulation of the brain.

Electrodes are being used, too, to study the effect of the tranquilizers, whose achievements are as dramatic as they are little understood. Indeed, none of the physical treatments that have been devised against mental illness, such as electroshock, lobotomies, or drugs, are really understood. They work with varying degrees of success, but nobody knows why, and even after thousands of lobotomies, doctors are not yet agreed on just what these operations do.

The brain itself is peculiarly defenseless, for once the skull has been opened (which may be done under local anesthesia) a surgeon can probe deep within the gray matter while the patient remains unconscious of it. Our ten billion brain cells, each one with long nerve fibers to carry the electrical messages without which nothing can be seen, heard, felt, smelt, thought, or done, do not feel pain. A man with electrodes in his brain does not even know when the current is being turned on; all he knows is that his jaw is suddenly moving up and down, say, or that he feels a tingling in his right foot.

### 'Oh, I See the Light!'

Few human beings have been exposed to such invasion of their brains. In almost every case they were mental patients on whom a neurosurgeon was preparing to operate. Discoveries about the human brain, therefore, have been largely accidental. It was as a by-product of attempts to locate specific areas in the brains of epileptic patients that Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute, developed his theory that the brain is permanently altered by everything we do. According to him, for each experience we have ever had there is a corresponding record, like a strip of film, ready to be activated by



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electrical stimulation. "No man can, by voluntary effort, call this amazing detail back to memory," Dr. Penfield has said of the reports his patients have given while stimulated at specific spots in the temporal lobes. These recollections seem far more vivid than normal memory; it is as if the patient were reliving one single previous experience, with all the emotions it had aroused originally. Each spot seems to contain only one experience, and always the same one—a moment in one's childhood, a song, a conversation, a dream.

One recent exception—a human volunteer for an experiment with electrodes—was Betty Corstorphine, thirty-five, who had lost her sight when a brain tumor began pressing against her optic nerve. Last October she submitted to an extraordinary operation. Working with Dr. Tracy Putnam, director of neurosurgery at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, was another doctor who actually performed the operation, an osteopath named John C. Button, Jr. He inserted two fine electrodes in the young woman's brain until they touched her visual cortex. Then he placed her in a dark room; in her hand she held a photoelectric cell, which was attached to a transistor amplifier leading to the electrodes. He switched the light on. "Oh, I see the light, I see the light!" Miss Corstorphine exclaimed. Although she could perceive no image, she could tell whether the light came from the left or right. As Dr. Button emphasized, the experiment was a mere beginning, but with a more elaborate photocell, perhaps something along the lines of radar, eventually the blind may be able to tell the difference between shades of light and identify patterns and motion.

### Cats and Monkeys at Yale

Electronic research with animals has been quite methodical ever since the 1930's when Dr. Walter Rudolf Hess, a Swiss neurophysiologist who in 1949 shared a Nobel Prize in medicine for his work, implanted electrodes in the brains of cats and pioneered study of the brain's deeper regions. A few years ago, Dr. José Delgado of the Yale School of Medicine showed how motor activity could be changed. Upon the application of electrodes, monkeys could be made

to look up, to extend their arms, to gag. A monkey given a large banana would eat it voraciously until stimulated, then suddenly spit it out with an expression of disgust. Cats could be forced to limp at every stimulus, to turn their heads, to lose equilibrium and fall. They could be made to lick furiously and even to look for something to lick—their limbs, the floor, or the experimenter's hand.

With the discovery of pain and pleasure centers, science then began a study of the emotions. A monkey that bit his keepers quieted down and became completely docile while stimulated. After repeated stimulation of a different brain area, another monkey developed stomach ulcers. A small, friendly cat was made to suddenly snarl at and attack a large unoperated cat. Until the current interfered, the cats had been friends of long standing—but after the savage fight, relations between them were never the same.

At the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Maryland, Dr. John Lilly inserted electrodes into the pleasure centers in the brains of rats, then gave the rats the choice of food, water, or a pedal that produced an electrical stimulus. Without a glance at the food and water, frenzied with joy, the rats pressed the pedal again and again until they fell exhausted or dead. Dr. James Olds of U.C.L.A., who originated this technique, reported that with shock of this kind as a reward he could attract rats to any part of a cage and teach them complicated maze running. He also found that some rats he placed in a "do-it-yourself" situation stimulated themselves as much as two thousand times an hour for twenty-four consecutive hours.

"Emotional and motivational mechanisms can indeed be localized in the brain," Dr. Olds wrote in a "tentative conclusion." "Certain portions of the brain are sensitive to each of the basic drives . . . Enough of the brain-stimulation work has been repeated on monkeys by J. V. Brady and J. C. Lilly to indicate that our general conclusion can very likely be generalized eventually to human beings—with modification, of course."

It was about such experiments—particularly those in which vicious monkeys suddenly became affectionate—that Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, declared: "We are just on the threshold. And where we will go—the most honest thing to say is I don't know. But it is so far, so fast, that our wildest dreams are likely to be ultra-conservative.

"I think we are going to be able to modify abnormal behavior by doing things to the brain. I think we are going to know a great deal more about drugs which will neutralize abnormal substances in the brain, and perhaps bring about symptomatic, at least, improvement while we are working with those deeper things which caused the illness in the first place. I think we are going to know a great deal more about the relationship between the brain and its own internal functioning and behavior."

Many psychiatrists and biochemists agree with Dr. Ralph Gerard of the University of Illinois that there is "no twisted thought without a twisted molecule." The blood of schizophrenics has been shown to differ chemically from the blood of normal persons, they point out; and all the symptoms of schizophrenia can be produced experimentally by a small dose of lysergic acid in the best-balanced individual. By using electrodes, scientists can record electrical discharges in specific parts of the brain under the influence of a variety of drugs. They can also study how drugs affect the behavior of animals that have been conditioned either to escape unpleasant stimulation of their brain or to seek stimulation of their pleasure centers.

Eventually they may discover the



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mechanisms involved in some of the greatest human wants. There may be a drug to raise or lower thresholds in the hunger system, and another for the sex-drive system. Some day, perhaps, human beings who suffer from a dangerous amount of drive may be helped to relax, while those in the depths of depression may be given new interests.

NOT ONLY DRUGS could be enlisted for such work. It is quite possible that electrical stimulation in itself, if carried on long enough, may permanently modify behavior. Dr. Delgado reported that groups of male and female cats that received a half-second shock every five seconds, one hour a day, for two weeks showed "considerable increase in the frequency and time spent nuzzling, licking, sniffing and rubbing," and also much increase in "playful activity." These effects were present all day and "lasted for several days after the stimulus was discontinued."

The first evidence that human emotions may be changed by electrical stimulation—at least temporarily—came a few years ago when an interviewer held a running dialogue with an eleven-year-old epileptic patient while Dr. Delgado worked on the boy's brain. The interview was tape-recorded and then analyzed. The tabulations showed a definite increase in the percentage of friendly remarks made by the boy whenever one area of his brain was stimulated. On two similar occasions involving women patients, "expression of fondness for the male interviewer, with more or less open desire to marry him, seemed to be related to electrical stimulation."

The electrodes are so fine that the damage they do is infinitesimal, according to Dr. Delgado. He has proved to his own satisfaction that monkeys suffer no ill effects even when electrodes are implanted permanently. Some of the monkeys in his laboratory have had electrodes in their brains for two or three years, and he has now reached the point where he can perform experiments by remote control.

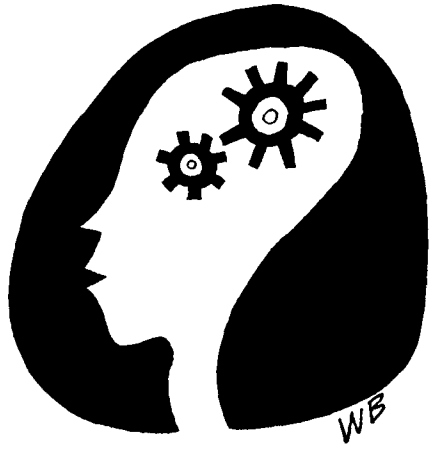
IN AN air-conditioned soundproof room at the Yale School of Medicine, six macaque monkeys romp about in a glass cage, seemingly unaware of a strange addition to their anatomy: two yellow plastic sockets protruding from the back of their heads. Wires run from the sockets to stiff leather bands with dials that they wear around their necks. These "necklaces" contain two transistors, a timer, a battery, and a stimulator to activate the electrodes inside the monkeys' brains at regular intervals.

Having studied these two male and four female monkeys for nearly two years, Dr. Delgado knows their personalities well. He knows which macaque was the boss when the experiment began—a female monkey—and he knows that the present "boss man" was originally No. 3 in the cage's hierarchy. What he is trying to find out is whether electrical stimulation can change monkey hierarchy. Which areas in the brain are related to qualities of leadership? Which to friendliness and aggression? Dr. Delgado's primary interest is the physical origin of social behavior, and he hopes that his work will lead to new ways of changing unacceptable behavior in the mentally ill.

### New Light on an Old Process

How much room does all this leave for the individual personality? Dr. Delgado maintains that while "playful activity" can be induced in cats, each animal expresses this playfulness in his own individual way. And although he could make cats do a variety of things by stimulating their brains, they still had a "will" of their own.

For example, when the animals were engaged in strong physical activity, his electrodes seemed to lose their power. "This was clearly shown when cats jumped from the table to the floor," he reported. "During this, a stimulation four times higher than the threshold was applied to the cortical point which previously evoked flexion of the right foreleg, but there was no response. The cat landed happily with perfect co-ordination and the correct posture of all extremities."




Similarly, when current was applied to the brain of a monkey at a point that always made his head turn to the right and simultaneously a loud noise was created to his left, the monkey's curiosity proved stronger than the mechanical command, and he turned to the left. Depending on circumstances, apparently, electrical stimulation could or could not be resisted. Another interpretation, however, would be that the loud noise itself created an electrical stimulus which was stronger than that of the electrodes, and that the monkey's movement to the left was just as inevitable as his previous response.

When electrical stimulation forces human beings to move their arms or jaws, they generally know that they did not will the action. But sometimes they give reasons of their own for a sudden automatic movement—thus inviting new research on the treacherous process called rationalization. Whether patients would be able to recognize the effect of stimulation on their emotions or whether they would blame innocent bystanders for their manufactured feelings of anger, for instance, no one can foretell.

OF ALL scientific discoveries at the disposal of some future police state, those involving the brain are the most frightening. Brainwashing as we know it today is a mere child's game compared to the infinite possibilities now being conjured by dedicated scientists who hope, with good reason, that their work will lead to better methods of diagnosis and treatment for the mentally ill.

Although most of the brain is still unexplored, we have learned more about it in the past generation than had been learned in centuries, and if this keeps up—as it must, for the need is urgent—we may soon find that we have released a new jinni similar to atomic energy in its power both for good and for evil.



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# *MOVIES: Faulkner Revised*

**GERALD WEALES**

ALTHOUGH *The Long, Hot Summer* is based on a handful of works by William Faulkner, in its earlier sequences it suggests Tennessee Williams. It has all the familiar Williams trade-marks—rampant sexuality, smoldering frustration, civilized homosexuality (never specific, of course), and the hint of final violence. Faulkner's Will Varner has become a lusty likeness of Big Daddy from *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* and Eula (Varner's daughter-in-law in this version) is a cousin to Baby Doll.

The scene and characters are familiar enough, even if they are not their Faulknerian originals; the film looks as though it is going its own way, a way that will lead through the mesh of love and hate, greed and sexual passion to a final explosion that will blow the Varners right out of Frenchman's Bend. When the explosion comes—when Jody, the helpless son, tries to burn Will's barn down around his head—it is more of a whimper than a bang. No sooner is the fire started than Jody repents (there is a speech about damnation and salvation) and saves the old man. The tyrant is unmasked as a loving father (and a gentleman: he agrees to marry Mrs. Littlejohn, whom he has been secretly visiting for ten years); the hating children, Jody and Clara, are revealed as kids just waiting for a Papa they can dote on; the dangerous Ben Quick (Faulkner's Flem Snopes) turns out to be a much-misunderstood young man (aggressive but innocent) who gets Clara as a reward and not, as the first half of the picture suggests, because she is iron filings to his magnet.

The atmosphere that the movie seems to be after in its beginning, a premonition of disaster, dissolves into a cheerful heartiness. The picture splits in two. The six principals, who at first look as though they are about to take part in a drama of frustration and family warfare, pair off and go chuckling to bed. Sex, which has looked dangerous now and then, becomes therapy. *The Long, Hot Summer* cools off.

PERHAPS the picture intends that its opening should be misleading, to the characters as well as to the audience. Perhaps *The Long, Hot Summer* wants to be a comic morality play (there is laughter all the way through it, and an explicit moral at the end) about how wrongheaded are the jealousies, the selfish desires, and the personal greed of men. All the forces that seem to be pushing the characters (and demanding the attention of the audience) turn out to be illusions. The Varners and Ben Quick are really, or so the ending implies, as nice a group of average, healthy, and attractive Americans as one is likely to see this side of a Chevrolet ad.

Of course they are nothing of the sort. Will Varner *is* a tyrant, in his family and in the town; he owns the store and the cotton gin, administers justice, controls the economic life of the whole county. Ben Quick may not really be a barnburner, but he is a blackmailer, since he gets his job with the Varners on the understanding that no barns burn. Clara is a snob, Jody a weakling and a fool, Eula a body to which no brain is attached. These characters could take part in a comedy, the kind that Faulkner wrote in *The Hamlet,* the movie's chief source, but the end of *The Long, Hot Summer* throws away any possibility of an acidly funny portrait of the rulers of Frenchman's Bend. It is significant that the Snopses, those sneaking, evil, soulless clowns of Faulkner's, the heart of the comedy and the horror of *The Hamlet,* have disappeared in the movie. Only Flem remains, and he has been cleaned up—made both handsome and good-hearted—and robbed of his name. The end of the film is the Southern equivalent of John Ford at his most fey and most Irish; it never touches the sardonic quality that would be necessary to a happy ending for such a group of characters.

The script is not the sole reason for the diffuse uncertainty that the film suggests. The camera never succeeds in giving any real sense of the little Mississippi town that makes the action and the characters possible. It is a little late in the day, I suppose, to begin to complain about CinemaScope, but a filming process that is made to record broad scenes cannot (or does not here) give the feeling of the packed, watching expectation with which the little town would be following the fortunes of its chief family. A film like Clarence Brown's production of Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust* knew how to use its town, how to make the town a leading character.

The comparison is perhaps a little unfair, since the town in the latter is directly involved in the action, the near lynching; yet, active or pas-



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sive, a town has to be palpable, and *The Long, Hot Summer* does not create Frenchman's Bend. Nor does CinemaScope allow the conflict between two or among a few characters to retain tightness and immediacy; it must either spread out and let the furniture of the room or the colors of the landscape creep in and wreck the mood, or else it must throw a great, brooding head on the screen and hope that the actor can suggest introspection. Here, as in the movie version of *Picnic,* material demanding closeness and density is spread thin along the skinny screen.

THE CAST of the movie is an impressive one: Joanne Woodward (she of the Oscar), Paul Newman, Anthony Franciosa, Orson Welles. Yet the actors and the characters never seem to get together. Welles's performance—great, gusty, and word-swallowing (audiences have been complaining that they cannot understand him)—is a tour de force that is fascinating to watch; his Will Varner is as complete a character as the film can boast. Joanne Woodward acts Clara as though she had failed to draw to an inside straight and had decided to bluff and play the hand out any way. This is not entirely her fault, since Clara is a girl who keeps careful rein on herself, but it is Miss Woodward's business as an actress to let us see all that smolders underneath the controlled exterior; the underground glimpses are infrequent. Paul Newman is a phlegmatic Ben, but it is difficult to tell whether it is Ben's phlegm (Flem's phlegm if he had retained his Faulknerian name) or Newman's phlegm. Anthony Franciosa plays Jody with technical efficiency, always showing the correct degree of hilarity, resentment, or hysteria, but he remains a disturbing actor; here, as in *Wild Is the Wind,* he does all the right things without ever quite convincing me that he is the character he is trying to play.

Although *The Long, Hot Summer* is interesting for several reasons—for what it has done to its source, for its open discussion of sex—it is not a satisfying movie. My complaint about *The Long, Hot Summer* is that the script, the camera, and the actors never seem to know where they are going, or why.

# *Mr. Nutting's Grand Tour*

**ALASTAIR BUCHAN**

I SAW FOR MYSELF, by Anthony Nutting. *Doubleday. $3.*

As Senator Kennedy no doubt found out long ago, it is not easy for a democratic politician who is possessed of youth, wealth, good looks, charm, and eloquence to persuade a cynical world that he has brains as well. Anthony Nutting is—or rather was—the Jack Kennedy of British politics. Private secretary to Anthony Eden in 1942, he was the matinee idol of the renascent Conservative Party in the postwar years, and when he became first under-secretary and then minister of state for foreign affairs on its return to power, he had to fight hard to prove that his rapid promotion was the reward of ability rather than other qualities—and he succeeded. A political career that had so far closely paralleled that of his former chief almost twenty years earlier was ended when he resigned both from office and from Parliament in thorough disagreement with the Eden government's action over Suez, as Eden himself had resigned from Chamberlain's government over Abyssinia.

IT IS ONE of the minor advantages of democratic government, of the system of "ins" and "outs," that it enables the "outs" to go and see at first hand the world for which they have been making or advocating policy as "ins." Gladstone and Theodore Roosevelt, Churchill and Harry Truman have, in different times and ways, been the beneficiaries of this tradition. Anthony Nutting, as a private citizen with a contract from the New York *Herald Tribune,* wisely took himself off to the Middle East immediately he had left office to see at first hand the problems that had frustrated and defeated him on paper. This short book is a record of a grand tour from Morocco to Iran by a man with better facilities than are given most journalists for eliciting the views and motives of the central figures.

For those who care about the world they live in but who, like myself, lack much firsthand knowledge of the Middle East, it is a useful and interesting book, graphic and well balanced, though with a slight tendency toward the pompous, which is inevitable in those who achieve political power too young. It brings out, for instance, what the tours of other peripatetic journalists have not, to my knowledge, elicited: the extreme shakiness of two states the West tends to take for granted—Libya and Iran. Libya, with its vast American Wheelus Air Base, is situated in a country with an unhealed tribal rift that lays it wide open to Egyptian propaganda. In Iran, Nutting was shocked by the dilettantism of the Shah, and warns in strong terms of the danger of a revived left-wing Iranian nationalism under a new—or old—Mossadegh.

Nutting assumes what has already happened since the book was written, that Syria and Jordan would fail to remain fully independent states. He sees Nasser largely as a spent force, "the leader of a revulsion and not a revolution," but with the immense power for harm of a man at bay. His conclusion is that "our friends are stronger and our enemies are weaker than in the critical concluding months of 1956," and that the West, with the help of India if it can get it, should aim not at a policy of divide and rule but for a cohesive Islamic alliance or Moslem confederation that would satisfy the aspirations of the new generation of Arabs and enable them to live with Israel.

A BANAL CONCLUSION, possibly, but this book is well worth our attention for what it tells us of the most progressive kind of British thinking about the Middle East. Nutting can be accepted as a highly



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reliable guide as to what the Foreign Office would like to say and do if it could get any decisions out of its present foreign secretary.

Nutting's admiration for Bourguiba and his bitter condemnation of France's North African policy exemplify the fact that most intelligent people in Britain are prepared to take a much stronger line with France about its North African policy than appears to be the case in Washington. His pride in the stability and progress of Iraq again shows Britain's strong attachment to the most successful product of its Middle Eastern policy. His enthusiasm for the Baghdad Pact represents official rather than general opinion in London, though his condemnation of Mr. Dulles for refusing to join it after having conceived it would be generally concurred in. He insists that Britain must change the basis of its relationship with the Persian Gulf sheikdoms—Bahrein, Kuwait, and the Trucial States—from a colonial to a commercial basis before Egyptian propaganda undermines its position there.

ABOVE ALL, he regards Israel and Israeli policy with a kind of admiring bafflement, as a challenging knight's move on the chessboard of the Moslem world, which is very characteristic of the curious love-hate relationship that Britain and Zionism have developed over the years.

# *An Indian Rogue Of 'a Two-Year Sort'*

**CHRISTINE WESTON**

THE GUIDE, by R. K. Narayan. *Viking. $3.50.*

To my mind, this is Mr. Narayan's best novel. The setting of the story is the small town of Malgudi in South India, the scene of others of his stories. This is the history of a man, Raju, who personifies a type dear to Mr. Narayan's heart—a rogue who is not wholly a rogue, retrieved from villainy by an inherent simple-mindedness and a gusto for life—for *any* life, whether it be selling pop and secondhand books at the Malgudi railway station; acting as a guide to gullible travelers, seducing the wife of one of them and installing himself in the roles of husband, critic of the arts, and business manager; or serving a hitch in jail for forgery, and ending as a swami committed against his will to a fast unto death in order to placate the gods and induce them to send the rain that will save his friends from starvation.

"It's written on your face that you are a two-year sort," a barber tells Raju on the latter's emergence from jail. "You have not cheated in any big way; but perhaps only in a small, petty manner. . . . You have not abducted or raped anyone, or set fire to a house."

In this fashion, quite early in the novel, we are put wise to Raju's character, and thanks to an original and highly successful device whereby the story runs on parallel lines, past and present, there is little we haven't learned about him at the end.

It is in this skillful arrangement of his narrative that I think Mr. Narayan has been more successful than in his previous novels. While the story is in two parts, both move evenly together, one part told in the first person, the other in the third, neither of them straying from the central figure and the events that Raju's peculiar temperament set in motion.

### The Prisoner of His Role

Unlike the characters in some of Mr. Narayan's earlier novels—*Mr. Sampath, The Financial Expert*—Raju in *The Guide* can hardly be described as a victim of circumstances. He always manages to rise above them in a fashion entirely his own, making a success—without any qualifications whatsoever—of any en-

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terprise he undertakes, and, somewhat to his own surprise, finding that there are few he is *not* willing to undertake. Even the two years spent in jail turn out to be successful, for he becomes the darling of the other inmates and the superintendent's special pet, and when his term is up, he leaves the place sunk in misery. He would have been happy, he said, to stay there permanently.

The secret of Raju's success—while it lasts—is his capacity for throwing himself heart and soul into whatever he undertakes to do. He becomes the part in the sense that a good actor should become it. But unlike an actor, Raju finds that he cannot leave the stage when the show is over, for he has surrendered his identity to the part he assumed, a surrender bound up in triumph as when, in his final role, it achieves its inevitable tragicomic denouement.

WHILE THE STORY moves around Raju, it draws other characters, their passions and preoccupations, into its vortex in an increasingly complex and quite wonderful sort of lunacy to which we subscribe without the least incredulity. It is true that the things that happen to Raju might not happen to an American or an Englishman or a Frenchman—they might not happen to a lot of Indians, or at any rate not in quite the same way. But this fact, instead of detracting from our interest, heightens it.

The people Mr. Narayan writes about are different from the people of the Occidental world, but they are definitely people. And the characterization is first-rate: Velan, the humble hero-worshiping villager into whose ears Raju pours his story; Gaffur, the taxi driver with his passion for beat-up automobiles; Marco, the humorless stick of a husband, born to be cuckolded; Rosie, his wife, a lovely and gifted dancer stuck with the stigma of her caste but, in the end, rising above it and proving herself to be as hardheaded, practical, and honest as the best in that heterogeneous society; and foremost Raju himself, individualized and distinct, yet recognizable as a type just as Chichikov is in *Dead Souls*. «»

# *Britain Faces The Common Market*

**DAN LEVITT**

BRITAIN AND EUROPE. *The Economist Intelligence Unit Ltd. $2.10.*

"Give us a hundred years of peace, and we'll kill England stone dead" is a boast popular among Germans. Except for a dim awareness of this German threat, the British have long been indifferent to their economic relations with Europe.

The Treaty of Rome, however, brought Britain's honeymoon of indifference to an abrupt halt. Signed in March, 1957, the treaty commits six nations (West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, and The Netherlands) to establishing a "Common Market" by 1970 or 1973. There are to be no barriers to trade with one another, no restrictions of the movement of capital and labor, a common tariff wall against the rest of the world, joint action against monopolies, harmonized social policies, and a common development fund.

FRIGHTENED by the specter of a Europe closed to British goods and open to German domination, Britain moved quickly. It has proposed a "European Free Trade Area" (FTA) of twelve nations (Britain, the Common Market six, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Austria, and Switzerland) which would, unlike the Common Market, exclude agriculture and permit members to regulate their own tariffs against nonmembers. Thus Britain hopes to retain the system of imperial preference while keeping the door open in Europe.

But if indifference was gone, ignorance remained. To dispel this ignorance was the task undertaken by a research organization connected with the *Economist* of London. Subsidized by leading business and labor organizations, and underwritten by an American foundation, the group began in the spring of 1957 a "study of the effects on British manufacturing industry of a Free Trade Area and the Common Market." Their report, *Britain and Europe*, is the most thorough and most readable account available of a nation's foreign trade and its domestic consequences.

AFTER some general remarks, the authors proceed to give a 220-page industry-by-industry analysis. Of each industry they ask two questions: What are its prospects within a twelve-nation FTA? How will it fare if there is no British counter to the six-nation Common Market? Their answers constitute a persuasive, even overwhelming, brief for Britain's entry into some form of FTA.

To the argument that the agricultural problem cannot be surmounted, the authors reply that complete free trade would not greatly affect the level of European imports and would damage but three Commonwealth products—butter, cheese, and wine. Nor, they argue, should the Commonwealth be allowed to stand in the way. Europe, not the Commonwealth, offers Britain its most promising market; while European imports swelled 20 per cent between 1951 and 1955, Commonwealth imports increased by a mere 2 per cent. Besides, many Commonwealth countries, eager to protect their own infant industries, are unenthusiastic about imperial preference. In the unlikely event that a choice becomes necessary, Britain must choose Europe.

The authors also bury the bogy of unemployment. They even turn the tables and argue that if Britain fails to enter some FTA scheme, it may find much of its trade excluded from fast-growing Continental markets. Consider the auto industry. Without FTA, Britain's share of Continental Europe's auto imports might fall from 16 per cent to 5 per cent by



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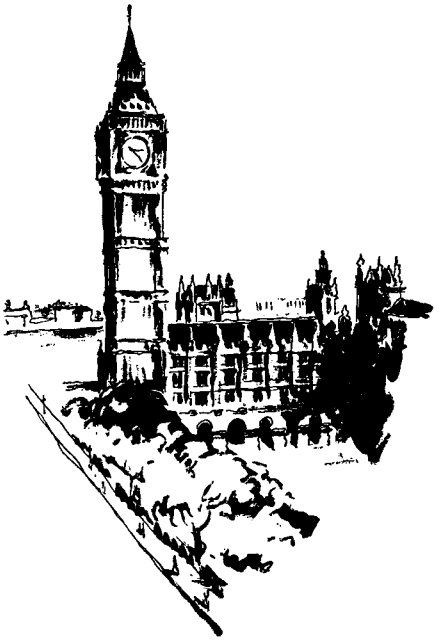
1970. Under FTA, on the other hand, it might climb to 20 per cent. Failure to adopt FTA could cost Britain 18 per cent of its total auto production. Germany would then dominate the Continent, and the resulting increase in its scale of production would give German autos a competitive edge in markets the world over.



The removal of protection will, no doubt, hurt some industries. The investigators anticipate trouble for cotton, rayon, leather, paper, and watches and clocks. But motor vehicles, chemicals, wool, electrical and general engineering, rubber products, steel, hosiery, and clothing will probably expand—as much as 10 to 20 per cent in the first two cases.

Finally, a rosy picture is painted of advantages accruing to the consumer. Imagine being able to buy British woolens, German cameras, French wine, Italian sportswear, Danish silver, Swedish furniture, and Swiss watches—all duty-free!

THE BENEFITS, however, will not materialize automatically; "economic success or failure depends primarily on Britain's own efforts to deal with its own problems." And the authors pull no punches in exposing British weaknesses.

Reforms will have to be made in British design, prices, delivery dates, selling methods, and after-sales service. *Britain and Europe* contains a long list of customers' complaints. Also, the British must quickly revise their attitudes toward investment and productivity. On both counts, Britain lags behind every other industrial nation in Europe. In the boom year of 1956, the British invested only 15 per cent of their gross national product, and in the period 1950-1956 their productivity rose only 12 per cent. Comparable German figures are 20-24 per cent and 41 per cent. As the Treasury's *Economic Survey for 1957* confirms, Britain is industrially stagnant.

THOUGH the reasons for this stagnation are only hinted at in *Britain and Europe,* they are not difficult to ascertain. British manufacturers are notoriously reluctant to adopt new techniques. Japanese shipbuilders, for instance, using innovations shunned by their British rivals, have cut production times to half the British standard. And labor takes a negative attitude toward increases in productivity. British unionists see no connection between productivity and wage demands. One union, the Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, recently refused—on principle—to discuss methods for raising output per man.

Government, though, deserves most of the blame. Postwar British governments, including the present Conservative one, have deliberately restricted investment. When the bank rate was raised to a record 7 per cent last year, the cost of borrowing became almost prohibitive. (The rate was lowered to 6 per cent this March.) By pegging taxation at extremely high levels, they made investment unattractive. And by maintaining some purchase taxes at wartime rates (currently 50 per cent on auto sales), they circumscribed a potentially booming domestic market.

British manufacturers have lacked the funds to finance research, to exploit technological breakthroughs, and to create sufficient capacity. Only where the government has been lavish in its support (aircraft and atomic power are the sole examples) has British achievement been impressive. Unless something is done to boost investment and productivity in Britain, the promise of FTA will prove stillborn. The *Economist's* researchers deserve credit for sounding the alarm.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# *The Greek Sailor Who Became Odysseus*

**SIDNEY ALEXANDER**

THE VOYAGE HOME, by Ernst Schnabel. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.*

"Minor poets borrow; great poets steal." So T. S. Eliot is said to have remarked in exculpation of his free use of quotations in *The Waste Land.* To steal is to make one's own; what Eliot means, of course, is that appropriation of that sort is no crime; it ceases to be a theft once it functions within your own work, your own vision. It is as legitimate a case of absorption as the façade of San Marco in Venice, made up of looted stones and architectural fragments.

Indeed, the whole idea of originality—that is, originality from first to last—is fairly modern. The medieval artist was not concerned with it either in terms of subject or treatment. The Renaissance painter did not feel constricted by the fact that a thousand Pietàs and Depositions had been made before his: he found plenty of room to express himself within the assignment. Shakespeare seems not to have been disturbed by the fact that he was frequently a rewrite man, and who cares now that there was a Hamlet before his?

Perhaps the most inexhaustible of all these mines in European literature are the Homeric myths—all the Greek and Latin dramatists excavated there, and later over the centuries we find everybody in Europe quarrying in the same pits. In our own time we have seen Jean Cocteau's transformation of Greek tragedy to surrealist wit, Joyce's colossal Bloomsday, Robert Graves's amalgam of astonishing erudition and grenadier psychology, and Eugene O'Neill's capacity to find Oedipus in a bar.

Each time the question recurs: If nothing new has been made of Homer or Sophocles, why not leave them alone? Just to re-dress the old boys in modern clothes is not enough. The retelling must justify itself by adding a dimension nowhere present in the original; the theme needs no variations if the variations add nothing to the theme. The importance of Leopold Bloom is not that he is Ulysses in a bowler, Dublin, 1904, but that he bears within the unique and specific Leopold Bloom an echo of the wave-washed wanderings of Odysseus.

SO NOW we have it again. In *The Voyage Home,* Ernst Schnabel makes an original attempt. He would retell the story of Odysseus not as Homer tells it but as Odysseus lived it before the hero became devoured by his own legend. Here are all the old familiar figures and episodes—lovely Nausicaä on the beach rescuing the naked hero, the enchantress Circe (who runs a bistro called The Horses' Paradise), Calypso in her domestic cavern. And because the author assumes (alas, perhaps unwarrantedly in America) an echo chamber of knowledge on his readers' part, he can employ a spare prose, sometimes clean-imaged and sharp as rocky Greek isles in a wine-dark sea, sometimes flat and incongruously modern. Colloquialism can be just as bad as archaism. I'm not always sure that I do not prefer the gobbledegook of the old translatese to some modern renderings that make fifth-century-B.C. Athenian sound like the rooting of a Dodger fan.

There are two ways of modernizing Greek myth: one is to bring the past into the present as Joyce did; the other is to bring the present into the past. The latter method is Schnabel's. And since the Odyssey is above all a story of voyaging, the author's twelve years as a merchant seaman serve to send a proper salt spray over his tale. He has made something new of it, but not enough. Now and again the Greek clarity is curdled with German mysticism. Athena is a Moorish harbor girl encountered at a sailors' tavern. She has strange hands. "One was black, a proper Moor's hand, but the other was smooth and delicate and white; the two lay side by side on her breast." Teutonic duality has entered the picture.

Schnabel's gift is for drama rather than novel. Quite the best thing in this curiously interesting book is three puppet plays that Circe has written for the marionette theater built for her by Daedalus. These amusing and witty concoctions read as if the *Hippolytus* of Euripides had been rewritten by Ionesco. "Life is the only way out!" Phaedra cries. She is dead and in Hades, and her situation is just as muddled as ever.

And as Odysseus watches the puppets, he too feels like a puppet. His truth is becoming Homer's—the near-sighted young poet who haunts him throughout the tale. The agony and ecstasy of Odysseus's voyagings, the escape from Scylla and Charybdis, the temptations of the Sirens, the voyage to the dead—have all these served only to provide a myopic poet with raw material for his lies?

AT THE COURT of Alcinous, the hero listens to the bard Demodocus sing his legend. "And Odysseus let him talk. He listened with half-closed eyes, letting himself be borne over the strange, many-colored waves; and he felt as lonely as a gaped-at monolith. . . . Old stories, old, old stories. Why bring them up again now? You have told them to one another so often—back then, afterward, on any occasion—that they are now like glass balls, colored, transparent, hard and smooth. Children play games with them, and so it is only a matter of time till they are lost. I'm waiting for that, for I'm tired of always being Odysseus. These stories have left me nothing but my skin, and even that has been torn off me and stretched, adorned with all the cosmetic arts, and stuffed with anything that couldn't be used elsewhere. Now it's hard even for me to remember who I was."

An ancient riddle, a Pirandello charade—what really happened? Schnabel might have written an engaging essay on the perilous trapeze between art and reality. Or he might have made a novel out of it—a true novel, that is, of real frogs in an imaginary pond. But unfortunately, he has done neither.



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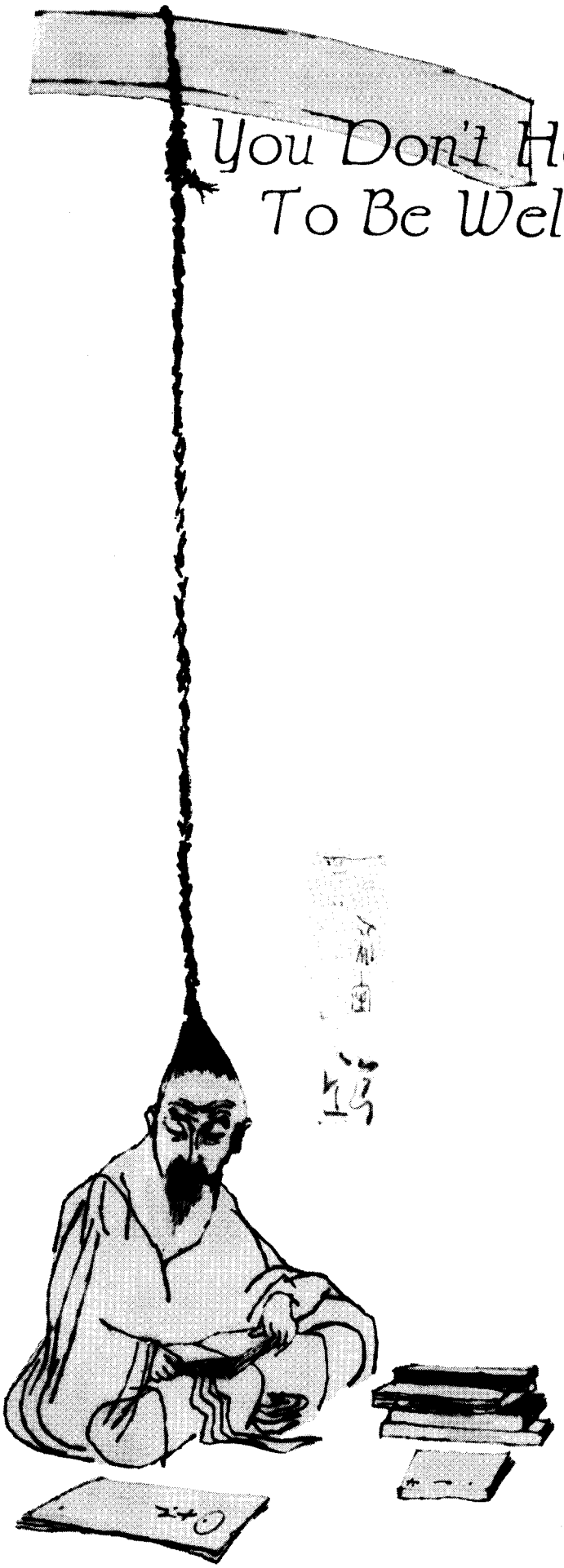

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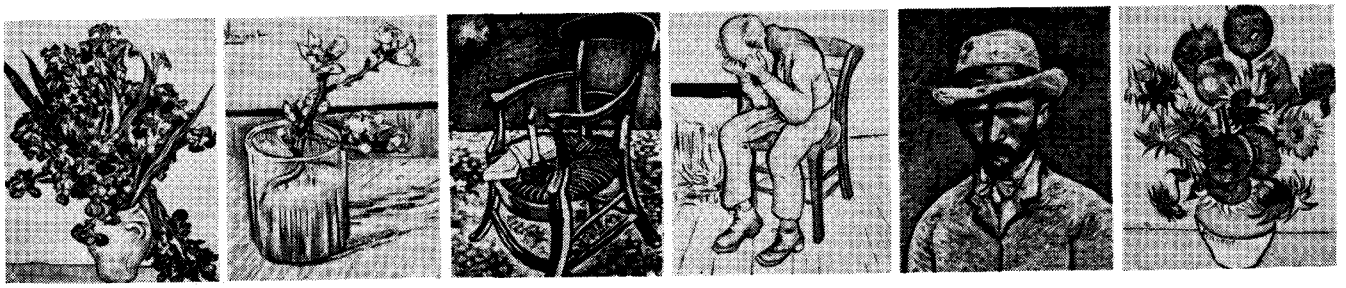

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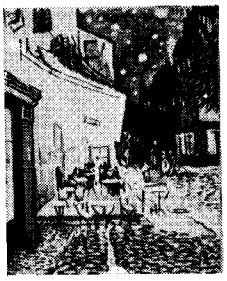

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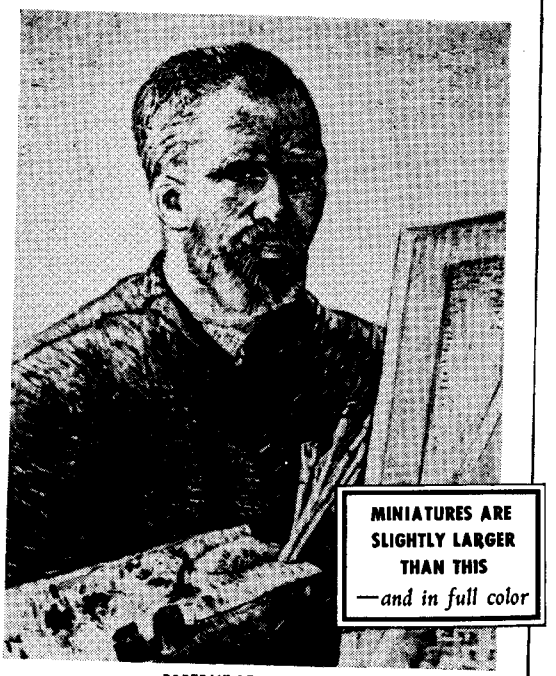


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